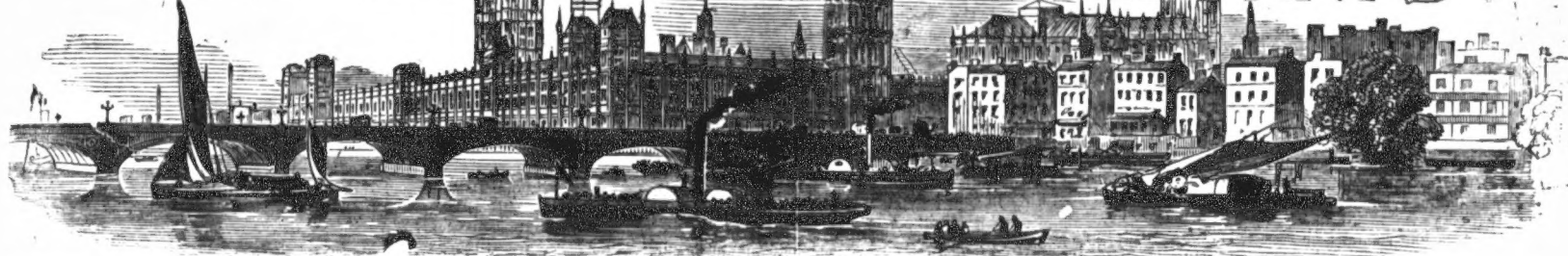


John Dicks 243 Strand

PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.



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THE FENIAN TRIALS IN CANADA.

THE prisoner first tried, Colonel John Bloss Lynch, described himself as an American citizen, and told a reporter that he was a county Galway man, and emigrated to America in 1849. Among the witnesses was the son of a Canadian farmer, whose horses the Fenians had seized. He deposed that he went to their camp and asked to see General O'Neill; the men told him the general was busy, but he might see Colonel Lynch, and he did so. The prisoner, who wore a sword, referred him to the adjutant. As we have stated, the main defence was that the prisoner was in the performance of his duty as a reporter. Some of the other Fenian

prisoners were called as witnesses for the defence, and said that they heard he was reporter for the *Courier*, a Louisville paper, and they sent him about with a book and pencil. While the jury were out, he told a New York reporter that he came over with the Fenians by the direction of Adjutant-General M'Dermot, of the Fenian Brotherhood of Louisville, to report the incidents of the campaign. A witness for the defence stated that he knew the prisoner well in Louisville, and that he represented himself as a reporter. No person from any newspaper establishment was called, but the prisoner's counsel stated that the witnesses who were wanted had been "engaged in this affair," and would be hanged if they came. The Canadian Government had been

asked to give them a safe conduct, but the application could not be entertained. The prisoner alleged that he was a non-combatant, and attending solely as a reporter. His counsel urged the precedent of such cases as Garibaldi's irregular warfare, and asked whether a reporter accompanying him would have been hanged if taken prisoner. The Chief Justice, in passing sentence, said, "The evidence brought before the court is perfectly clear and conclusive that you were not in Canada as a reporter on the occasion charged in the indictment, but that you were in some kind of command. What that was does not distinctly appear; but even though you were there only as a reporter, you ought to have known that no war had been proclaimed; that those with whom



THE RECEPTION OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AT TURIN. (See page 354.)

you were seen were making an atrocious, almost unparalleled road on a peaceful country, and that under the circumstances you were there to report the ravages of those men in order that they might light and glory over the slain. . . . Was it less than murder for you to come here in the dead of night to ravage our country and slay our people? If you were there as a reporter even, you were not guiltless. Your object was to encourage them to come, not to keep them away."

The prisoner next tried was the Rev. John McMahon, a Roman Catholic priest, about forty years of age. It was proved that he was with the Fenians at Fort Erie, and that when they went on the march they left their valises behind, when he ordered them to take up their valises and said, "The boys may want them, for we don't know how long we might be in Canada." They picked up the valises. He accompanied the Fenians on the march, and was seen treating them and drinking with them. When taken prisoner he stated that he had come for the purpose of burying the dead. A witness stated that he saw the prisoner in the goal; that he then said he dressed the wounds of the Fenians. The prisoner alleged in his defence that he was on his way to Montreal; he heard that the Fenians had crossed, and he crossed by the ferry, and when he came up with them they insisted on his remaining as their chaplain. He said some of the witnesses had made false statements. The Chief Justice told the jury that the prisoner's conduct, as proved, was not that of a man forced to accompany the persons engaged in this atrocious undertaking; he was not advising them to go home, but to take care of themselves. "As regards his character as a priest, the uneducated Irish are a very superstitious race, and they think if they receive absolution after making a good confession they are saved. If you find that the prisoner was there to receive their confession, then he aided those men. It was his duty as a clergyman to lay information before the authorities that those men intended to commit an overt act against her Majesty's Government." In passing sentence, the Chief Justice said:—"Your priesthood have always tried to prevent bloodshed; but you, forgetting your oath as a priest and as a citizen of the United States, instead of advising those misguided and unfortunate men to go home, we find that you aided them in the commission of the crimes of which they are guilty. I must say that I fully coincide with the jury in the verdict they have brought in, and from the evidence I cannot see how they could have come to any other conclusion. If you had gone to administer the last rites of your Church to the dying and to hear their confessions and forgive them their sins, as you believe you have the power to do, there is not a man in the province who would have said no to your going on your mission of mercy. But when those unfortunate men saw you among them they took courage and persisted in committing acts of hostility against the peace of her Majesty's Government. I have a very painful duty to perform." The executions were fixed for the 13th of December.

ENTRY OF VICTOR EMMANUEL INTO TURIN.

On our front page, and also on page 364, we give two illustrations of the reception of Victor Emmanuel at Turin, and his triumphal progress through the city, which recently took place, and which was duly recorded in our columns.

THE POPE AND MR. GLADSTONE.

THE *Corriere Italiano* says:—"A person worthy of credit, and who had a conversation with Mr. Gladstone a few minutes after the interview between that illustrious statesman and the Holy Father, writes thus to us from Rome:—"Mr. Gladstone found the Pope as calm as possible. No politics were spoken of until towards the close of the conversation, and it was Mr. Gladstone who took the initiative. The Pope complained of the Austrian Government, at the same time admitting that events in Germany had placed it beyond the power of that Government to defend the Holy See, and it was as well to excuse its conduct. Mr. Gladstone congratulated his holiness upon the arrival of the Antilles Legion, to which the Pope replied, 'Earthly legions are liable to the defect of failing to achieve the end which they have in view. But, moreover, how does it concern me what may happen? Be sure that if the French were gone I should not be the less protected, seeing that the legions that defend the Church never fail.' In saying these words the Pope lifted his eyes towards heaven. Mr. Gladstone wished to speak of Italy, and inquired what foundation there was for the newspaper statements of negotiation with the Florence Government. The Pope replied, 'I don't read newspapers; I know nothing of that matter; I am quite ignorant about it. I only know this, that when I die I shall not leave entire to my successor the sacred and inviolable succession of St. Peter.' The conversation concerning Italy having ceased, they spoke of the Church in Ireland, and the Pope warmly recommended his well-beloved flock to Mr. Gladstone; then, smiling, added, 'If I should one day or other quit Rome, although Ireland is far removed from the centre of Christianity, I should not disdain to select it for my domicile. Malta, a town almost entirely commercial, now that the revolutionists have taken to accusing my poor priests, cannot have my sympathies.' He said, in conclusion, that he would go wherever Providence, which never failed rightly to judge mortal man, should direct him. In uttering these words the Pope exhibited much emotion."

FATAL ACCIDENT IN A FENCING SCHOOL.—At Metz, Moselle, in the barracks of one of the regiments of the garrison, the fencing masters of the 11th Artillery and 61st Foot were exhibiting their skill against each other, when the foil of the former broke at about four inches from the point, and at the same time penetrated the neck of the latter, a young man named Larque. One of the persons present sucked the wound to prevent an internal hemorrhage, but the unfortunate man presently swooned away and died shortly after without having recovered consciousness. The deceased was on the point of being married.

THE PRINCE OF WALES'S PARK AT BINGLEY.—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has contributed to the park at Bingley, in the West Riding, a number of trees, in recognition of the "good and kind feeling shown by the inhabitants and working men of Bingley towards himself and the Princess of Wales." The following is a copy of a letter sent to the vicar of Bingley, from Sandringham, concerning the gift, and in it was enclosed a list of trees sent per rail to Bingley Station:—"Sandringham, King's Lynn, 6th Nov., 1866. Dear Sir,—Referring to our former correspondence, I have now the pleasure of informing you, by the Prince of Wales's directions, that a parcel of trees has been forwarded to your address, this day, from Sandringham, with a view to their being planted in the People's Park at Bingley. I enclose a list of them, and trust they will be acceptable and arrive without damage. Any expenses that may be incurred for their carriage I shall be obliged by your sending me a note of, in order that I may refund the money.—I am, dear sir, very truly yours, W. KNOLLYS.—Rev. A. Irwine."

Notes of the Week.

On Saturday, Mr. Humphreys held an inquiry at the Duke's Head Tavern, High-street, Whitechapel, respecting the death of Mary Anne Mullins, aged forty-five years. George Mullins, 2, Finch-street, Whitechapel, a hawker, said that on the previous Wednesday night, he and the deceased went to the public-house in Brick-lane, and drank a great quantity of rum and brandy. He got drunk and he went home, and, to his surprise, he found the deceased lying drunk at the bottom of the flight of stairs. He asked her to go to bed, but as she would not he left her lying on the floor the whole of the night, and went to bed himself. In the morning he found his wife a corpse. The coroner said that the conduct of the witness was disgraceful. He had not a spark of humanity in him, or he would not have left his wife to die on the stairs. As for the deceased, she had killed herself by her own act. Medical evidence showed that deceased died from drinking a large quantity of raw rum, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect.

DURING a dense fog which prevailed on Saturday morning, the Apollo, a powerful steam packet plying between Cork and Bristol, came in collision off Portland with the Ely, a packet of smaller power, which was on her passage from Cardiff to Bristol. Both vessels were much damaged. The Ely had her paddleboxes rendered useless, and her commander, Captain Parfitt, received some serious injuries. By the aid of a steam tug, the passengers, about seventy in number, were conveyed to Bristol by a special train on the Bristol Port and Pier Railway.

ONE of the most disastrous and extensive fires in Exeter for some time past occurred on Saturday, when the saw mills of Messrs. Moors and Son, builders, were completely razed to the ground. The building was a new one, two storeys high, and situated in Coombe-street, the very heart of the city, being surrounded by houses, two of which were also destroyed. The fire caused the utmost excitement and alarm, as the mills were well stocked with timber and other inflammable materials. The whole city was brilliantly illuminated by the flames, which continued for fully three hours. The total loss is estimated at £5,000, part of which is covered by insurance.

A SHOCKING boiler explosion occurred at Preston on Sunday night, at the spindle and fly shop of Mr. Ralph Lowe. Between seven and eight o'clock the engine tender, a young man named William Kay, was engaged near the fireplace, when suddenly the boiler burst with a terrific noise, completely demolishing the boiler-house, knocking down a thick wall, blowing away a considerable portion of the spindle and fly shop, damaging a lot of machinery, knocking down part of an adjoining weaving shed, and injuring nearly a hundred looms. Huge stones, bricks, planks, iron bars, &c., were hurled in all directions; windows of neighbouring places were smashed, small outhouses were destroyed, the fence of a contiguous coal-yard was demolished, the walls of several cottages were cracked, and the general debris was thrown a distance of nearly 200 yards. Kay was carried a distance of 140 yards, and alighted in the middle of a back street, his brains being dashed against a wall and his body dreadfully mutilated. A son of Mr. Lowe, a youth of about fifteen, was just leaving the boiler-house when the explosion occurred, and he was sent through the roof and found himself on the top of an adjoining workshop. He sustained some injuries on the head, and was scalded in different parts of his body, but his medical attendant, Dr. Spencer, does not consider him in a precarious state. The damage to property is very great.

On Saturday night a heavy gale blew over Liverpool. On Sunday morning the look-out men at New Brighton reported a sloop aground on the great Burbo Bank, opposite Crosby, with three men clinging to the mast. The New Brighton life-boat was towed off and the No. 2 Liverpool boat followed in tow of the steam-tug Rescue; but, as the former approached the wreck, the mast to which the unfortunate fellows were clinging snapped off, and they were swept away and lost. A small keg was picked up near the wreck. It bore the letters "G. H." in several places, but nothing else was discovered to identify the vessel.

On Saturday afternoon an inquest was held at Basford, near Nottingham, on the body of a male child, about five days old, that had been found in a pond in a lane in that district. It appeared that on the previous Thursday morning two young men were passing the pond, when they observed the body lying in the bottom of it. With some difficulty they got it out, and it was discovered that a piece of twine, which was attached securely round a stone that weighed 29lbs., was tied tightly round the neck. Mr. Maltby, surgeon, stated that the child was born alive, and that its death was caused through strangulation. The jury returned a verdict of "Wilful murder against some person or persons unknown."

On Monday morning, at a quarter to nine o'clock, a lady named Mrs. Levy, residing at Mr. St. Marks, 37, Alfred-place, Bedford-square, W.C., threw herself from the second-floor window of the above house. She was taken up insensible, and medical aid being sent for, she was pronounced dead. Her age was about forty, and she was supposed to be of unsound mind.

When the Archbishop of Dublin went into the pulpit of St. Mark's Church to preach on Sunday, about 300 young men of respectable appearance left in a body. Nearly ten minutes elapsed before the last had retired. There was no other demonstration. One man was arrested outside the church for hissing. The movement was intended as a protest against the supposed Tractarian views of the archbishop.

FRENCH CONVICTS.—"We hear that the French Government," says the *Independence*, "has decided on putting an end to the bagné at Toulon, the operation to commence in January and terminate in April. The convicts will be sent to Guyana, to be settled in the agricultural colony formed on the banks of the Maroni. During eighteen months in which that establishment has been in operation it has produced marvellous results, as well with respect to physical health as to moral amelioration."

THE NEEDLE-GUN.—The Prussian War-office has published a statement to show that it was not the superiority of the needle-gun, but of the men who carried it, that gave victory to the Prussian arms in the late war. The total consumption of cartridges during the campaign was only seven to each infantry soldier, and in the bitterest engagement the highest figure was twenty-three per man of those present. During the war 900 cannon were brought into play, and each fired forty rounds.

THE SUB-CHANNEL TUNNEL.—A Dover paper says that the Nelly steam-tug, Captain Wilson, is at present engaged with Messrs. Brunel and Hawkshaw in surveying between Dover and Calais, in connexion with the projected tunnel between England and France. The vessel has been specially fitted with scientific apparatus for that purpose, and may be seen any fine day from the pier.

Foreign News.

SPAIN.

The *Esperanza* of Madrid says:—"Since the first of the present month the Duke d'Abrantes has employed a night watchman, whom he pays to make the round of his house. This man wears the duke's livery, and carries a pike and lantern. We are assured that several persons are thinking of adopting a similar measure, as the only efficacious means of protecting their property at night." On the above, the *Paris Liberte* remarks:—"The certainty is now evident that Marshal Narvaez, despite his rigours against the press and against individuals, is powerless in the midst of the capital to protect the property of the citizens. If a Government, under pretext of order, seizes on all power and arrogates to itself the right of high and low justice, what must be thought of its system when the inhabitants of a city are reduced to mount guard at night to escape being robbed?"

ITALY.

Intelligence received at Florence from Rome states that it has been decided at a secret Consistory that if the Pope be obliged to quit Rome he will seek an asylum in Malta. The ecclesiastical authorities of that island have received semi-official notification of this decision.

OPENING OF THE DANISH RIGSDAG.

The Danish Rigsdag was opened on Monday, by King Christian in person. His Majesty read a speech from the throne, in which he said:—

"A Bill for the dowry of the Princess Dagmar will be laid before the Chambers.

"Denmark has not remained untouched by the political events that have recently taken place in the centre of Europe. By the treaty of peace concluded between Austria and Prussia, at Prague, the latter Power has undertaken to restore North Schleswig, in so far as the population may by free voting pronounce themselves in favour of such a step. Although this has not yet taken place, still the text of the treaty, and the national direction in which European relations are now being developed, are a guarantee that we also shall obtain the national frontiers necessary for the security of the country.

"This is the object towards which, since the Treaty of Vienna, our hopes have ever been directed. The justice of these hopes has been recognised by friendly Powers, and especially by the Government of the Emperor Napoleon, who has testified a warm interest in our country, and has thereby earned our profound gratitude. Denmark sees in the proposed settlement of the question a proof of the friendship of Prussia."

His Majesty further stated that preparations were being made for the defence of the kingdom, notably with regard to fire-arms, which were being placed on an improved footing. The questions connected with the finances of the Duchies were mainly settled, and the general financial positions of the entire monarchy gave rise to no apprehensions for the future.

PRUSSIA.

The *Staatsanzeiger* of Berlin publishes two letters from King William to the Prussian Ministers of War and of the Interior. The first of these letters is as follows:—

"To the Ministry of War.—During the war now brought to a successful close, and up to the present time, the patriotism of my people has been displayed in a striking manner by the care and loving attention extended on all sides to the wounded of my victorious army. On the glorious battle-fields of Bohemia and Moravia I was myself witness to the noble zeal with which the representatives of the Johanniter and Maltese orders, of the Central Association for the Care of Soldiers wounded on the field, of the King William Association, and other similar bodies, together with deputies from communes and private individuals, endeavoured to alleviate the lot of those brave men who returned with honourable wounds from the contest upon which they had joyfully entered at my call.

"On my return I have heard from all quarters with what love and devotion wounded and sick soldiers returning home have been received and nursed, both by associations and individuals. The Minister of War has reported to me that the extraordinary favourable results which had been achieved in the sanitary state of the sick in so short a time after the late sanguinary war are due to the universal participation of my faithful people in the care of my army. I therefore feel a pressing want to express my royal thanks to all those who have taken part in caring for the wounded soldiers. Let every individual feel assured that his King thoroughly appreciates in his paternal heart the acts of affection shown to his valiant soldiers, and will retain a kindly remembrance of them. The War Ministry is charged to make this publicly known."

"WILLIAM."

The second letter is addressed to the Ministry of the Interior, and is as follows:—

"I have heard with great satisfaction of the hearty welcome extended to my victorious troops upon their return to their garrisons, and have received upon this occasion so many patriotic greetings and addresses from communes and corporations, as well as individuals, that I feel myself called upon herewith to express to all of them my hearty thanks. I commission you to make this publicly known."

"WILLIAM."

COMBINATIONS AMONGST MASTERS AND WORKMEN.—We understand that Mr. William Tegg, Pancras-lane, Cheapside, has in the press a work written by a barrister, entitled "The Law of Combination, or Strikes and Lock-outs; with a Summary of the Law of Arbitration of Disputes between Masters and Workmen." We believe that no practical book on that branch of the law has hitherto been published; that one is required we feel convinced, as the law of combination between employers and employed is not altogether in a settled state, and the subject abounds in points an explanation of which must be useful and interesting as well to masters as to workmen. If carefully and clearly prepared, a work that aims at setting forth and commenting upon in a popular manner the statutes and cases bearing upon the subject, is sure to be appreciated, and to prove of great service to masters and men in enabling them, by an easy reference to the authorities, to completely understand a part of the law of considerable importance to themselves. Mr. Tegg's book will be published at a shilling.

THROAT DISEASE.—"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES," which have proved so successful in America, for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, or any irritation or soreness of the throat, are now imported, and sold in this country at 1s. 1d. per box. Some of the most eminent singers of the "Royal Italian Opera," London, pronounce them the best article for Hoarseness ever offered to the public. The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher says, "I have often recommended them to friends who were public speakers, and in many cases they have proved extremely serviceable." So d by all chemists.—[Advertisement.]

General News.

PRINCE ARTHUR having now reached his sixteenth year, her Majesty, it is announced, has determined that he shall enter the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich as a gentleman cadet. The Prince of Wales is a general in the army, and colonel of the 10th Hussars; Prince Alfred is a captain in the navy; and it is intended that Prince Arthur shall be prepared for a commission either in the Engineers or Artillery. The royal family will thus be connected with nearly every branch of the service.

LORD NAAS has appointed Mr. W. Edmonstone Lendrick his private secretary.

The colonelcy of the 96th Foot, vacant by the death of Sir Charles Warren, has been very properly given to Major-General the Hon. Sir A. Spencer, K.C.B., whose services would well have entitled him to such a reward before this. The pension for distinguished or meritorious services rendered vacant by the death of Colonel Mauleverer will be given to Major-General Rochfort Scott, Lieutenant-Governor of Guernsey. Major-General J. W. Ormsby, of the Royal Artillery, has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor and Commandant of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, in succession to Lieutenant-General Sandham.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

It seems that the City curacy which Father Ignatius is to fill is that of St. Bartholomew, Moor-lane. The Bishop of London has, it is said, consented to license him.

DR. MARY E. WALKER, from the United States of America, will deliver a lecture at the St. James's Hall on Tuesday, the 20th inst.

LORD STAFFORD, who entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales on their visit to Norwich, has acceded to a request made to him by the Norwich Town Council to sit for a commemorative portrait to be placed in St. Andrew's Hall. The accounts of the Norwich festival are still not finally made up, but it may be observed that further examination on the part of the secretary and treasurer shows that the actual receipts were somewhat more than the amounts already published, some of the wealthy patrons of the festival having purchased tickets without using them. It is now calculated that the combined concert and ball receipts of the festival of 1866 exceeded those of the festival of 1863 by the sum of £430. On the other hand, the royal visit entailed on the committee an extra expenditure of £600 to £700, so that the surplus available for the local charities is not likely to exceed £1,000, as previously estimated.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

THE number of new members returned to the House of Commons this year has now been increased to thirty-four. The new members are:—Lord J. Hay, Ripon; Mr. Candlish, Sunderland; Mr. R. Arkwright, Leominster; the Hon. G. Denman, Tiverton; Mr. M. Wyvill, Richmond; Mr. H. A. Herbert, Kerry; Mr. M. Staniland, Boston (who obtained his seat on petition); Sir E. Lechmere, Tewkesbury; Mr. Eckersley, Wigan; Mr. J. Goldsmith, Honiton; Mr. J. E. Gort, Cambridge; Mr. C. Capper, Sandwich; Sir J. Hay, Stamford; the Hon. Mr. Lascelles, Northallerton; Mr. R. Eykyn and Mr. Edwards, Windsor; Mr. B. Osborne and Lord Amherst, Nottingham; Mr. D. Fordyce, Aberdeenshire; Lord Elliot and Mr. E. Chambers, Devonport; Mr. T. B. Hildyard, South Nottinghamshire; Mr. R. Dimsdale, Hertford; Mr. R. B. Bree, Helston (who obtained his seat on petition); Mr. J. A. Smith, Hertfordshire; Mr. R. Nicholson, Petersfield; the Hon. J. Henniker-Major, East Suffolk; Mr. P. Vanderbyl, Bridgewater; the Hon. G. W. Barrington, Eye; Captain D. Pennant, Carnarvonshire; the Hon. Mr. Cust, North Shropshire; Mr. Howel Gwynn, Brecknock; Captain White, Tipperary; and Mr. Jervoise Smith, Falmouth. These changes have been attended with a gain of one vote to the Liberal party, counting two on a division, but four seats are at present lost to the Liberals at Reigate, Lancaster, and Tynes, so that the Conservatives have virtually gained ten votes this year. Among the elections now pending are Belfast, where there is a seat vacant in consequence of Sir Hugh Cairns having accepted office as a Lord Justice of Appeal in Chancery; Dublin University, through Mr. Walsh having received a legal appointment; Galway, through Mr. Morris having received a legal appointment; Waterford, through the Earl of Tyrone becoming a peer; Wexford, through Mr. George becoming an Irish judge; West Gloucestershire, through Mr. Rolt being appointed Attorney-General; and Pembrokeshire, through the death of Mr. Lord Phillips. Thus between forty and fifty new members will probably enter parliament this year, the average number of changes attendant on a dissolution being about eighty.

A STRANGE DONATION.—Amongst the *Times* advertisements recently appeared the following:—"Archbishop Manning acknowledges with his thanks the letter and enclosure of N. I. L., received safely on November 5th." The transaction to which the above announcement dimly refers is a rather extraordinary one. On Monday, the 5th, a day on which the Gunpowder Plot is called to mind by sundry grotesque exhibitions in the public streets, Archbishop Manning received the letter alluded to, the enclosure being a cheque on a leading bank for the sum of £500. The sender gave no name, but signed himself "Guy Faux, a Protestant," and marked his donation "for the use of Pope Pius IX." Archbishop Manning looked upon the letter in the light of a jest, and was about throwing it and the cheque on the fire, when his secretary suggested that they might be able to trace the author of the supposed hoax, inasmuch as the cheque was numbered and lettered by the bankers. Archbishop Manning agreed to this, and on the cheque being presented at the bank, the manager said he had instructions to pay the amount, and that the gift was that of a Protestant gentleman, who was anxious that his name should not be made known. The archbishop transmitted the money in due course to Rome, and thanked the donor by public advertisement.

SHORT SKIRTS.—The London correspondent of the *Ipswich Express* says:—"A lady—all honour be given for it—has resolved that as far as herself and daughters are concerned, in spite of the frowns of milliners and silk mercers, the walking dress this winter shall be short skirted and cease to trail upon the ground. Twenty pretty young ladies, a patriot band, have agreed to join her. On a given day they will enter the park from different quarters, and parade daily. They will be admired, they will be imitated, and the blessings of the husband and father will rest on them." It is to be hoped this gentleman will give notice of the first appearance of his friends.

MEDICAL HOUSEHOLD WORDS.—Every family has its specific, but nothing can be more dangerous than the fallacy that one medicine will cure every disorder. Every drug and every compound has its office; beyond which it becomes mischievous, and to the recognition of this great truth may be attributed the unparalleled success of a medicine which, during an existence exceeding sixty-five years, has never met with disparagement. We allude to COCKLE'S ANTIBILIOUS PILLS, which have become one of the "household words" of the British nation.—[Advertisement.]

A TRAGEDY FROM THE SEA.

THE arrival of a vessel at the port of Swansea from the West Coast of South Africa has disclosed a tragedy of the sea of an exceedingly melancholy description. The first and second mates of the barque, when the vessel was upon the coast, deserted her, as also did five of her seamen, so that when he had taken in his cargo of copper the captain found himself minus his officers and with a very short crew. He did the best he could to repair the deficiency, but could only succeed in shipping a lot of Irish Yankees, who proved very indifferent seamen. It is thought that the difficulties of his position and the great heat of the climate preyed on his mind; and, to make matters worse, he unfortunately took to drinking. The steward did all that the discipline of the ship would permit to restrain him, and occasionally with success; but in the course of five or six days, viz., on the 15th of September, he became very bad, complained that he had brain fever, and behaved in so strange a manner that the crew became convinced that he had lost the control of his actions, and began anxiously to inquire of each other what was to become of them and the ship. On the morning of the 19th he appeared more rational than he had been, and asked the steward to make him a cup of coffee. The ship was at this time in lat. 20 S., long. 18 W. The steward went to make the coffee, and during his absence the captain went up to a boy who was at the wheel, and begged and entreated him to jump overboard with him, saying that it would be a happy thing for them to "go to that glorious place together." The boy being terrified began to cry and call for help, and the captain got on to the maintopmast brace outside of the bulwarks of the vessel. Hearing the youth's cries, the steward rushed on deck, and the captain, on perceiving his approach, said, "Are you coming?" "Where?" asked the steward. To which he replied, "To that glorious place;" and added, "Oh, come, let's go together—come, come!" The steward shrewdly replied, "Yes, I'll come, if you'll wait for me;" to which he responded, "Yes, I'll wait, but come quickly." The steward went up to him and clasped him round the waist to detain him, and called loudly for help. The captain, however, struggled very determinedly, and, placing his feet against the side of the vessel, forced himself out of the steward's grasp, and fell into the sea. The helm was at once put down, but although the ill-fated man kept in sight for some minutes no help could be given him. The men rushed on deck, but the vessel was boatless. The long boat had been sold on the coast, the gig had been disabled by a sea on the outward voyage, and the pinnace was leaky. The crew were now left in a most appalling state. There was no one on board who knew anything of navigation, and nothing but death seemed to stare the poor fellows in the face. The ship was completely at the mercy of the elements. On the fifth day they saw a large vessel, but no one knew how to signal her, and she passed on her course. At the end of twelve days they succeeded in making a vessel called the *Grenada*, of Greenock, from Singapore to Liverpool, understand that they were in distress, and she bore down upon them, and her captain learning the state they were in, put on board of her his second mate, Mr. McNab, who brought her safely into Swansea.

LOSS OF HER MAJESTY'S SHIP GRIFFON.

WE regret to announce that intelligence has been received at the Admiralty that her Majesty's ship *Griffon* was lost on the evening of the 2nd of October off Little Popoe, Bight of Benin; no lives lost. The *Griffon* is described in the *Navy List* as a screw gun vessel, with five guns, of 425 tons, and 80-horse power. She was launched in 1860, and was first commissioned in June, 1861, and sailed for the West Coast of Africa, commanded by Commander John L. Perry, who returned with her to England in June, 1865, and she was paid off at Sheerness at the close of the same month. After undergoing a thorough repair and refit at Sheerness dockyard she was taken to the measured mile off Maplin Sands for the official trial of her machinery on May 15, 1866, and so far as the engines and boilers were concerned the ship was certified as being ready for sea. She was re-commissioned by Commander Duncan G. Davidson, June 12 following, passed Deal July 10, and called at Devonport en route to the West Coast of Africa. Commander Davidson, who commanded the *Griffon*, entered the navy in 1846, and has been employed over fifteen years at sea, and has received four medals and five clasps for his valuable services. While midshipman of the *Hastings* he was frequently employed in boats against the Chinese pirates, and, as acting mate, commanded the pinnace conveying troops to Prome, and partook in all the subsequent services in the Irrawaddy in 1852. He was appointed mate of the *Ajax*, 58, at Cork, September 22, 1853, and on March 7, 1854, removed into the *Prince Regent*, 90, and sailed for the Baltic. On November 14 following he exchanged into the *Royal Albert*, 121, and was promoted to Lieutenant April 20, 1855. He served in the *Furious*, 16, on the East India and China station, from March 11, 1857, to November 18, 1859; commanded the *Janus* gunboat, on the same station, from the latter date until October 25, 1861, and the *Coromandel*, tender to the *Imperieuse*, also on the same station, from October 25, 1861, until promoted to commander March 25, 1863.

ALARMING ACCIDENT TO THE REV. PROFESSOR SELWYN.—An accident of a serious character occurred on Saturday afternoon to the Rev. William Selwyn, of St. John's College, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity in the University of Cambridge, Canon of Ely, and Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty. About half-past three o'clock, the rev. professor, accompanied by Mrs. Selwyn and some other members of his family, were on their way to visit Lady King, at Madingley Hall. Professor Selwyn was on horseback, cantering by the carriage which contained Mrs. Selwyn and party. On approaching the Madingley turnpike-gate, a member of the University was riding in the direction of Cambridge, and at the horse of this gentleman that of the professor appears to have started, and then increased his pace into a gallop. The rev. professor looked round and smiled, as though to allay any suspicions of danger by the inmates of the carriage, and the horse he was riding increased its pace. The servants in waiting on the carriage saw the professor's hat fall off, and shortly the professor himself was lost to view by reason of the horse turning a slight angle in the road. On the carriage rounding this spot, about 300 yards from where the horse bolted, the professor was found on the ground, perfectly insensible, and bleeding from the mouth and ears. He was placed in the carriage and conveyed with all speed to his residence on the Trumpington-road, Cambridge. The aid of Dr. Paget and Mr. Seet, surgeon, was called in.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for children teething, has gained a greater reputation in America during the last fifteen years than any remedy of the kind ever known; it is pleasant to take, and safe in all cases; it soothes the child and gives it rest; it softens the gums and allays all pain or irritation; it regulates the bowels, cures wind colic, or dysentery, and diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. It is highly recommended by medical men, and is sold by all medicine dealers at 1s. 1d. per bottle. Full directions on the bottles.—[Advertisement.]

FATAL COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

THE ship *Agra*, Captain Evans, from London to New York, with a general cargo, arrived and anchored at Spithead, and reported having been in collision with the Nova Scotian bark *Elizabeth Jenkins*, Captain Richards, from London for Boston, United States, at 8 p.m. on Saturday, when the *Elizabeth Jenkins* sunk in about three minutes after the two vessels came in contact, and carried down with her ten of her people—viz., Captain Richards and his wife, the chief mate, the cook and his wife, and five of the crew. The second mate and six of the bark's crew were saved by jumping from the fore-castle of their ship on board the *Agra*. Captain Richards could have saved himself, but he rushed below to bring up his wife from the cabin, and before he could regain the deck his vessel had sunk. The collision occurred off the *Queen Light*. The fore-castle deck of the *Elizabeth Jenkins* was already under water when the seven men saved from her scrambled from it on board the *Agra* by the latter's head gear. No cry was heard or sign of life seen from any one on board the doomed ship after she sank. One of the men saved had his collar-bone dislocated in getting on board the *Agra*, and was taken down to the captain's cabin to have the injury examined and bound up until the vessel could reach Spithead, where he could be sent ashore for treatment by a medical man. The other men saved also went down into the cabin to get dry clothes, &c., and here a very singular accident occurred. The boy belonging to the *Agra* was getting out the medicine chest for some strappings for the injured man's shoulder, when, by some means or other, he fired one of the signal rockets which communicated with others, and filled the cabin with flame and sulphur. Several of those in the cabin were burnt, but two of the men from the *Elizabeth Jenkins* were so severely injured that immediately after the ship's arrival at Spithead they were sent on shore to the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Hospital.

EXTRAORDINARY CAREER OF AN ACCOMPLISHED LADY SWINDLER.

At the Southampton Police-court, on Saturday, a well-dressed, lady-like, and middle-aged female, who styles herself the Hon. Madeline Harcourt, Mrs. Colonel Douglas, and frequently indulges in other aristocratic titles, but whose real name is supposed to be Sarah Westwood, was charged with obtaining a quantity of goods under false pretences from Mr. Axtell, of Prospect-road, Southampton.

The court was crowded to excess by persons anxious to catch a glimpse of the accused, whose swindling propensities during the last ten years have made her familiar with the management of various prisons in the country. She has recently undergone a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment in *Lowes Gool*, and within a few days of her discharge she resumed her dishonest occupation, which led to her being committed for trial at the recent Portsmouth quarter sessions, when, owing to a technical informality, she was fortunate enough to get acquitted. She did not, however, long remain idle, for she was next heard of in the *Isle of Wight*, where she "honoured" certain tradesmen with her orders; and although she was taken before the magistrates at Newport, she managed to compromise the matter with her accusers, who refused to prosecute, and she was once more at liberty. It was only for a short time, however, as, under the false pretence of being the "Hon. Madeline Harcourt," she succeeded in imposing upon Mr. Axtell, of Southampton; but the fraud being discovered, she was given into custody. The prisoner, it appears, is most respectably connected, and has an income of two guineas per week. Her genteel manners and address are well calculated to deceive. Her *modus operandi* is to take expensive furnished lodgings, and, under one of her aristocratic names, to levy her contributions upon the grocer, the butcher, the baker, and the wine merchant. As a proof of her respectability she then invites the clergyman of the parish or the Dissenting minister to take tea with her; but when her dupes became pressing for their money, and further deception is impossible, she suddenly decamps to some other locality.

Poole, a detective officer of the Portsmouth police, said he knew the prisoner as Miss Douglas and Sarah Westwood. He could not swear that she was not the wife of the "Hon. Col. Harcourt." (A laugh.) The prisoner had been living at 5, Dover-terrace, Southampton, under the name of Douglas. He became "acquainted" with her on the 17th of September, when she went by the same name. He had heard her answer to the name of Sarah Westwood when called in the Portsmouth Police-court on the charge of stealing twelve bottles of ale. (Laughter.)

In cross-examination, the officer said he had heard of prisoners having two names when coming into property, but to his knowledge honest people usually dropped one. (A laugh.)

The accused, who treated the matter with the greatest nonchalance, was remanded for a week in order that inquiries might be made as to the existence of the "Hon. Col. Harcourt," her alleged husband.

A CLERICAL SCANDAL.—At the Shire Hall, Nottingham, on Saturday last, Mrs. Catherine Jenoure was charged before the sitting magistrates with having assaulted and used threatening language to her husband, the Rev. Henry Courtenay Jenoure, rector of Burton Joyce, near Nottingham, on the 15th inst. Complainant stated that on the day in question he had some words with his wife. They were in the kitchen, and she took up the poker and attempted to strike him with it. He succeeded in wrenching it from her, and she then got a large knife which she brandished over his head and threatened to murder him. The defendant (interrupting): I have had good reason to murder you for a long time. You took good care that I could not do you any harm when you tied my hands and locked me up in all the closets of the house. Turning to her husband, she said, "Have you ever beaten me with sticks and locked me up?" Complainant: "I have beaten you on several occasions with a small stick, but it was only when you were very violent and destroyed property." A woman named Moore corroborated complainant's evidence as to the assault. In reply to the bench defendant said she was guilty. Her husband had brutally ill-used her on several occasions, and had poisoned the minds of all her friends against her, except her brothers. He never allowed her any money. She never could keep a servant, as he was constantly going into the bedrooms, and he ought to be exposed. Mr. Jenoure denied the latter accusation, and said he was driven to the court by necessity, his wife was so violent. The magistrates ordered her to enter into her own recognizance in 50*l.* and find two sureties in 20*l.* to keep the peace for twelve months. The sureties not being forthcoming, she was ordered to be taken to the county goal. On being removed she said she would go with the officers, but she would never again go with that villain, pointing to her husband.

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THE MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR.

The solemnization of the marriage of the Princess Dagmar of Denmark with the Crown Prince of Russia took place on Friday, the 9th inst., at St. Petersburg, amidst the utmost pomp. A

correspondent, writing from the imperial city, states that it might almost be said that human eyes never before saw a spectacle more dazzling and more magnificent. The Russian ladies attending the ceremony wore their national costume, which is so rich and so picturesque. Their foreheads were encircled by velvet diadems enriched with diamonds and tied up behind by long velvet strings flowing on the backs; from their graceful corsages descended long satin dresses resembling the classical tunic, and ornamented on the front by rows of rich buttons; *par dessus* of rich velvet hung on their backs and finished by long trains. As to the uniforms of the gentlemen, they represented all the colours of the rainbow and belonged to all nations—here almost concealed by gold and silver embroideries; there simple but characteristic as the uniform of the Cossack; again, childishly ornamented and picturesque as the national costume of the Caucasian, the Circassian, and the Lesghin. Now, look at those clusters of one colour denoting the several imperial households of the Russian Court: the eye welcomes them among that glitter of decorations of every shape. Hardly any spot in the world before saw such a profusion of ribbons, badges, stars, and crosses—more than one gentleman wore twenty of them. In a word, the Winter Palace presented a spectacle so abounding in gorgeousness, magnificence, diversity and contrasts, that it surpassed even the most imaged pages of the "Arabian Nights."

But if the eye was dazzled, all hearts were also content. The Russians call the Tsar their father, and they love Alexander II as a Tsar was never loved before; they unite him in their love with the Empress, who gives from the throne an example of all womanly virtues; they knew that the marriage which was to be solemnized would greatly contribute to the happiness of the Tsar and the Tsarine, while it would ensure that of their son and heir; and they were proud that a princess so richly accomplished and so beautiful as the august bride, was to enter into the imperial family.

At noon the great chapel of the Winter Palace was crowded with the members of the Council of the Empire and of the Senate, the gentlemen belonging to the imperial household, the diplomatic body, the gentlemen attending upon the foreign princes, the aides-de-camp general, major-generals, and aides-de-camp of the Emperor, the aides-de-camps of the several Grand Dukes, the general officers of both services, the nobility, the Mayor of St. Petersburg, the principal Russian and foreign merchants. The gentlemen were in full uniform, and placed in the order previously arranged at the right wing of the chapel. The ladies at the left wing.

At a quarter to one o'clock the imperial procession entered the chapel in the following order:—

The Harbingers (*fourriers*) of the household of his Imperial Highness the Czarévitch, of the imperial household, and of the bed-chamber of his Majesty the Emperor. The great master and the masters of the ceremonies. The gentlemen of the bed-chamber and the chamberlains, two by two. The gentlemen holding secondary functions in the imperial household, two by two. A marshal of the household, with his stick. The Master of the Hounds, Count Fersen. The great equerries, Baron de Meyendorff and Prince Tchétvertinsky. The great Cup-bearers, Prince Dolgorowkow and Count A. Tolstoy.

The great masters of the household, M. A. Guedenow, Count Weilorsky, M. J. Tolstoy, Princes Troubetzkoy and Labanoff. The great chamberlain, Count Ribeaupierre. The great marshal of the household, Count A. Schouvalow, bearing his gold stick. The Emperor was immediately followed by the Minister of the

His Imperial Highness the Grand Duke Czarévitch Alexander Alexandrovitch, with his august bride, her Imperial Highness the Grand Duchess Mary Feodorowna.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Denmark.

The appearance of the three brothers-in-law caused much interest. The Prince of Wales wore the scarlet uniform of a British general officer, and the insignia of the Order of the Garter. The Crown Prince of Prussia wore the uniform of a Prussian general, with the insignia of the Black Eagle and of the Merit, the latter very recently created. The Crown Prince of Denmark, Christian Frederick, wore the uniform of a colonel of the Danish army. His manly deportment was greatly remarked, inasmuch as he is only twenty-three years old.

Their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Dukes Vladimir, Alexis, Serge, and Paul, sons of their majesties. Their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Constantine, with their sons, the Grand Dukes Nicholas and Constantine. Their Imperial Highnesses the Grand Duke and Grand Duchess Nicholas, and their son.

A numerous train of princes princesses, &c., followed.

Their Majesties were received at the entrance of the chapel by the Metropolitan of St. Petersburg, accompanied by the other Metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, and the clergy of the chapel, and preceded by the crozier. His eminence offered the holy water to their majesties, who were conducted to the seats prepared for them—the Emperor on the front of the places occupied by the gentlemen at the right wing of the chapel, the Empress on the front of the left wing, occupied by the ladies. The princes were conducted to their seats, disposed in the following order—immediately after the Emperor, their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales, the Crown Prince of Prussia, and the Crown Prince of Denmark. Behind them, the sons of the Emperor, then the Grand Dukes, brothers and nephews of the Emperor, and the other foreign princes related to the imperial family.

Behind the Empress, the Grand Duchesses were placed according to the same precedence. Between the seats of the Emperor and the Empress, and facing the centre of the sanctuary, were two chairs on a raised step, and covered with purple velvet, as those of the Emperor and Empress.

The Church, East as well as West, has but one service for the marriage of prince and peasant. The main features are the same though the pomp may differ. The "Office of the Matrimonial Coronation" in the Greek Church follows at a greater or smaller interval of time the betrothal, which in the Church of England is incorporated in the ceremony itself. The Metropolitan began the office, which was, of course, entirely in the Slavonic, or old Russian language, by intoning a psalm, between each verse of which the choir sung an antiphon, "Glory be to thee, our God. Glory be to thee." During the chanting of this anthem the bride and bridegroom were conducted to their *prideu* chairs "in the body of the church," before the Holy or Royal Doors which lead into the sanctuary, whither none go but the priests to offer the Holy Eucharist on the altar. The anthem being finished, the Metropolitan said, "Alexander Alexandrovitch, hast thou a good and unrestrained will, and firm intention to take unto thee to wife this woman Mary Feodorowna, whom thou seest here before thee."

The Czarévitch answered, "I have, most reverend sir." The Metropolitan continued, "Hast thou not promised any other woman?" and the bridegroom answered, "I have not promised another." Similar questions were then put to the bride, who made



ALEXANDER II, EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

imperial household, and by the aide-de-camp general, major-general, and aide-de-camp of the day.

Over the national costume her Majesty wore a mantle of crimson velvet, lined with ermine.



Chevalier Guard.

Imperial Pages.

Governor of Pages.



Masters of the Ceremonies.

Crown Portants.

Russian Merchants.

Foreign Merchants.

Civic Functionaries.

Government Officials.

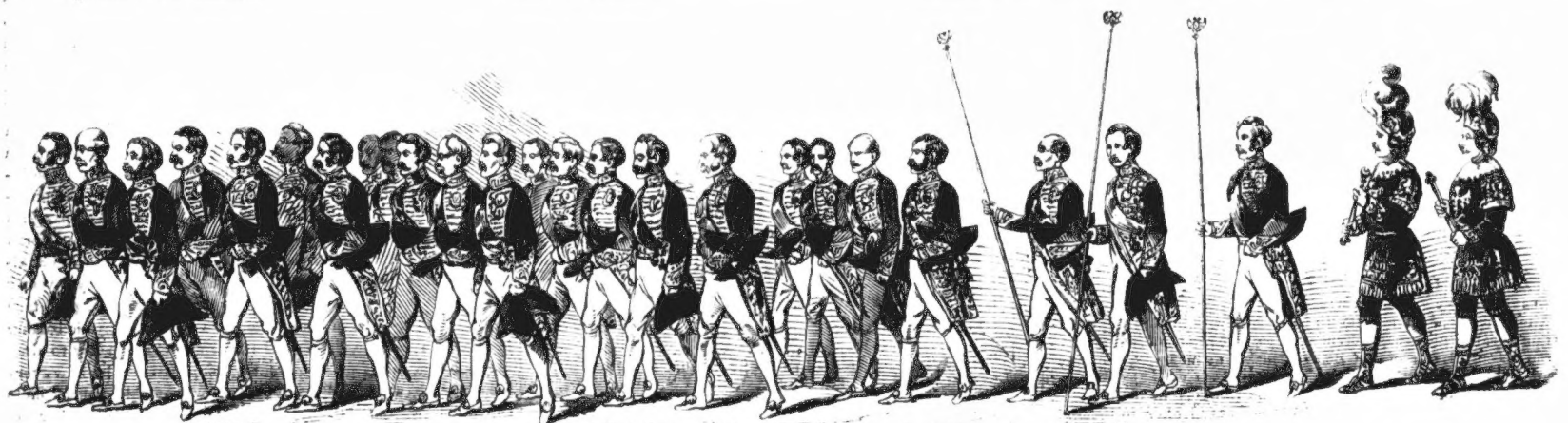


Deputation from Ministers.

Cossack Deputation.

Marshals of the Nobility.

The Senate.



The Imperial Council.

Masters of the Ceremonies.

Heralds of Arms.



Imperial Standard.

Imperial Seal.

Imperial Sword.

Chevalier Guards.

THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR. (See page 356.)

identical responses, and then the deacon asked the Metropolitan to give the benediction, which was pronounced in this form: "Blessed be the Kingdom of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, now and for ever, even unto ages," and the choir chanted an Amen. The deacon then said the ectenia, a species of "bidding prayer," into which was introduced a clause "for the servants of God, the Cæsarewitch, Grand Duke Hereditary Orthodox Alexander Androwitch, and the Grand Duchess Orthodox Mary Feodorowna, now joined together in holy wedlock, and for their salvation." The ectenia ended with the sentence—"In remembrance of our most holy, most pure, most blessed and glorious Lady, the Mother of God, and ever virgin Mary, with all saints, we commend ourselves and each other, and our whole life to Christ our Lord." Here the Metropolitan uttered an ascription of praise to the Holy Trinity, and immediately afterwards offered up a prayer very similar to one of those used in the English Office of Matrimony. Where the mention of the couple being joined together was made, the whole assembly which assisted in the ceremony crossed themselves devoutly. After this prayer the deacon approached the Metropolitan with a salver, on which lay two crowns. Taking one of these in his hands, he made with it the sign of the cross over the head of the Cæsarewitch, saying:—"The servant of God, Alexander Alexandrowitch, is crowned for the handmaid of God, Mary Feodorowna, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He then gave the crown, on which was a medallion of the Saviour, to his imperial highness to be kissed, and next placed it on the head of the bridegroom. The same words, with a verbal difference, were pronounced over the bride, who was also crowned; and the benediction was given, "O Lord our God! crown them in like manner with glory and honour." The *Prokimenon* was then sung to the 8th tone thus—"Thou hast put crowns of precious stones upon their heads; they asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest them a long life; for Thou shalt give them the blessing of eternal life; Thou shalt make them glad with the joy of Thy countenance." The "reader" then read the Epistle of the office, taken from the fifth chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians, beginning at the 20th verse. The "Epistle" contains only a few words more than the passage read in the exhortation in the English service. The reader began it in a very low voice, and gradually increased the pitch until he came to the words, "And let the wife see that she reverence her husband." Afterwards came, with much incense, which was profusely used during the whole service, the reading of the Gospel by the Metropolitan. The passage chosen is from the 2nd chapter of St. John's Gospel, relating the marriage in Cana. It begins at the words, "At that time there was a marriage," and ends with "and His disciples believed on Him." The anthem "Glory be to Thee, O Lord, glory be to Thee," preceded and followed the Gospel. Here a very curious custom, evidently derived from a Jewish origin, occurs in the Russo-Greek ritual. A golden ladle containing wine—called "the common cup"—was brought, and the Metropolitan handing it alternately to the bride and bridegroom, they sipped it each three times—in symbolical allusion to the marriage in Cana. Now came the ceremony before which the marriage might have been dissolved; after which it was indissoluble. Taking the bride and bridegroom by the hand he turned them round three times, in mystical allusion to the Holy Trinity, the choir singing, "Exult, O Isaiah, for a virgin has conceived and brought forth a Son, Emmanuel God and Man, the East is His Name; Him do we magnify, and call the Virgin blessed." Then the marriage was complete; but not so the ceremony. The Metropolitan now took off the bridegroom's crown, saying, "Be thou exalted, O bridegroom, like unto Abraham, and blessed like unto Isaac, and multiplied like unto Jacob. Walk in peace, and do all according to the commandments of God." Having removed the crown and placed it on the salver again, he turned to the bride, and taking off the crown, said, "And thou, O bride, be thou exalted like unto Sarah, and rejoice like unto Rebecca, and multiply like unto Rachel; rejoice with thy husband, and keep the ways of the law; and the blessing of God be with thee." Two short prayers were then said, and at the direction of the Metropolitan the husband and wife kissed each other three times, and then the august bridegroom and bride proceeded towards the Emperor and respectfully bowed to his Imperial Majesty, who most tenderly kissed them both. Hand in hand they went to the Empress and deeply bowed to her Imperial Majesty, who united them in an ardent embrace; some tears dropped from her eyes, but those were tears of joy.

Another prayer was then said, and the Metropolitan gave the concluding benediction in these words:—"He who by His presence in Cana of Galilee declared marriage honourable, Christ our True God, through the prayers of His most pure mother, of the holy, glorious, and illustrious Apostles, and of the Emperor and Empress Constantine and Helena, equal to the Apostles, of the holy and illustrious martyr Procopius and of all saints, will have mercy upon us and save us, for He is good and the Lover of mankind." Nothing could exceed the grandeur of the service, which was most impressively performed, and was regarded by those who had the good fortune to be present with the deepest attention and the greatest reverence. The pure accent of the bride in the pronunciation of the Slavonian words was frequently remarked by the Russians among the guests.

Then the bridegroom and the bride returned to their places. His royal highness the Prince of Wales went to offer to them his felicitations, and heartily shook hands with them both. The Prince of Wales was followed by the Crown Princes of Prussia and Denmark and all the members of the imperial family and other foreign princes, who complimented one by one the august bride and bridegroom.

Meantime a *Te Deum* was sung by the clergy, and to the thanksgivings offered to the Most High the guns of the fortress mingled their thundering voice 101 times. After having received the felicitations from the members of the Holy Synod and of the Court clergy, their imperial Majesties and the august new married couple left the chapel in the same order they had entered it.

THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER II OF RUSSIA.

ALEXANDER II, Emperor of all the Russias, whose portrait we give in page 366, succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, Nicholas I, on the 2nd March, 1855. He was born on the 29th of April, 1818. On the 28th April, 1841, he married Marie Alexandrovna, Princess of Hesse, by whom he has had a large family. The eldest son, formerly betrothed to the Princess Dagmar, was born in 1843, and died prematurely at Nice in 1865. The present Crown Prince, just married, was born on the 10th of March, 1845.

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* Correspondents finding their questions unanswered will understand that we are unable to do so, either from their peculiarity, or that our correspondents with little trouble could readily obtain the information themselves.

MEMBER OF A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.—We learn that a book of a very useful nature will be published in a few days, entitled "The Statistics relating to Friendly, Industrial, and Provident Societies, with an Introduction and copious Notes," by Arthur Lamb, barrister. The book is written expressly for members of friendly societies, enabling them to see at a glance what the law is on any point upon which they may seek information. It will be published by Hardwicke, No. 192, Piccadilly, price one shilling.

A. M. D.—There is no such thing as a love potion that can inspire with love the person who drinks it. The belief in such draughts, or "philters," as they were called, used to be popular in past times; but it is utterly without foundation.

M. X.—A marriage license can be procured at Doctors' Commons in London, or at the diocesan offices in any cathedral city, or of any clergyman acting as a surrogate elsewhere. It costs 24 12s. 6d. It is absolutely necessary that one of the parties intending to marry should have his or her usual place of abode (not simply within the diocese) but absolutely within the parish or district where the marriage is to be solemnized for the space of fifteen days prior to the day on which the license is to be granted; and before the parties can obtain such license, one of them has to be sworn to an affidavit to that effect.

ONE IN A FIX.—You cannot marry again without obtaining a divorce in the first instance; nor can you do this very easily under the circumstances you have mentioned. We are much afraid that you really are "in a fix."

G. C.—The qualifications necessary for a junior clerk in a lawyer's office are good handwriting and correct orthography; but your writing would not be considered good enough.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

| ANNIVERSARIES. | | H. W. L. E. | |
|----------------|--|-------------|---------|
| D. | D. | A. M. | P. M. |
| 17 | Sun rises, 7h. 23m.; sets, 4h. 9m. ... | 2 47 | 9 24 |
| 18 | 25th Sunday after Trinity ... | 10 | 0 10 35 |
| 19 | "Man in the Iron Mask" died, 1703 ... | 11 | 6 11 38 |
| 20 | T General Peace, 1815 ... | — | 0 5 |
| 21 | W Princess Royal born, 1840 ... | 0 28 | 0 53 |
| 22 | T Louis Napoleon elec. Emp.; 1852 ... | 1 19 | 1 44 |
| 23 | F Old Martinmas Day ... | 2 6 | 2 38 |

Moon's changes.—Full moon, 22nd, 10h. 15m., a.m.

Sunday Lessons.

MORNING. AFTERNOON.

Prov. 15; John 10. Prov. 16; 2 Tim. 1.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Feast, Fast Days, &c.—17th, Hugh, bishop of Lincoln (A.D. 1200); 20th, Edmund, King and Martyr (A.D. 870); 22nd, St. Cecilia; 23rd, St. Clement.

THE PENNY ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1866.

REGISTERED FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

We are informed that it is the intention of the Government to make a readjustment of the circuits, and to increase the number of judges for England from fifteen to eighteen. No doubt there will be found those who will be greatly scandalized at this, and treat it as a job by which the country will be saddled with a great deal of extra expense in order to compensate hungry adherents. We have no sympathy with these feelings; the question is not which side will gain by this change, but whether the change ought not to have been made long ago. Scotland, with a population not equal to that of London and its suburbs, has fifteen judges; Ireland, with far less wealth and commercial activity than Scotland, and with a population which we are always told, excepting the amiable weakness of shooting landlords and a treasonable con-

spiracy every five or six years, is singularly free from crime, has twelve judges, besides a due complement of equity courts, and it surely is not surprising that England, with a population twice as large as that of Ireland and Scotland put together, should require three more judges than Scotland and six more than Ireland. This is no matter of theory merely; the want has been grievously felt for many years, both by suitors and judges. The labour imposed upon this high class of public servants has been far too severe, and the efficiency of the bench and dignity of the administration of justice have suffered grievously in consequence. Who has not witnessed with indignation and regret, even if entirely disinterested, and with even stronger feelings if a party concerned, the absolute denial of justice that takes place at the end of every crowded assize? The whole expense of a trial has been incurred, witnesses brought from a distance, briefs delivered, endless anxiety undergone, and at last the day arrives which will at any rate decide, whether rightly or wrongly, the matter in dispute. The cause is called on, a cause, perhaps, involving character or considerations of which little can be learnt from the pleadings. The judge leans forward and blandly intimates to the counsel on each side that the case appears to him peculiarly well suited for arbitration, or, if that proposal be not accepted, that it must be made a *remand*. Remonstrance is in vain; there really is not time to try the cause, and so the parties are compelled either to put off their litigation for six months, incurring just the same fees, just the same expense, and just the same anxiety over again, or to go before an arbitrator, where a case that might have been decided in a few hours will often drag on its length for days, or even for weeks. There is no position in which a judge appears to less advantage than when driving unwilling parties to submit to arbitration. And yet it is not his fault, but the fault of a country which, while it professes to bring justice to every man's door, is too niggardly to provide a sufficient number of judges to do the work that devolves upon them. The expenditure in salaries occasioned by this addition will be just £15,000 a year—a small price to pay out of our revenue for the despatch of causes and the removal of a true and crying reproach on the administration of justice. We may also hope now to get rid of the unseemly spectacle of a judge wanted in half-a-dozen places at once,—wanted at Nisi Prius, wanted in the Exchequer Chamber, wanted in Chambers, wanted in the Criminal Court of Appeal, wanted at the Old Bailey, wanted in the House of Lords,—and that these great magistrates may be permitted to settle down to their day's work free from those violent interruptions and unexpected episodes which would disturb the balance of less clear and practised intellects.

The most notable speeches at the Lord Mayor's banquet were perhaps those of the ministers who returned thanks after the toast of "The Army and Navy." They were indeed short, and not filled with any very brilliant or novel remarks, but they meant a good deal and implied far more. The promise so very likely to be fulfilled, that the nation is to be called upon to pay for increased military and naval estimates, has been confirmed by the recent language held by General Peel and Sir John Pakington. The country almost demands, and its financial necessities certainly require, a very different kind of promise. Instead of increased estimates, nearly every one not professionally interested in either service is looking for a great and even an immense reduction, especially in army expenses. Instead of adding a million or so to the annual expenses of the armaments which Mr. Disraeli has formerly described as being bloated and swollen to a preposterous extent, no economical reformer would feel satisfied without a promise, very soon to be fulfilled, of the reduction of many millions. The military estimates, which have risen in twelve years from about nine to upwards of fourteen millions, seem to be likely under the present Ministry to be increased rather than diminished, during a period when the possibility of immediate war in which this country will take part has been rendered almost a dream. Some worthy old Waterloo veteran may entertain thoughts of war as he celebrates privately the anniversary which Apsley House so long commemorated by a yearly festival. But the probability that England will ever again take any practical concern in the maintenance of the old mystic balance of power in Europe, or that she will allow her policy to drag her into the midst of Continental complications, is now very remote, and will, perhaps, be rendered quickly much more so when a reformed parliament becomes the arbiter of the national destinies. The great feat which a new and changed House of Commons would be employed to perform must be something of a financial *coup de main*. A reduction of the estimates at once by five or ten millions is in fact the real inducement which many politicians possess for supporting reform at all. The Conservative party appear to have a ruling instinctive dread of the next session, and that they will receive, as upon two previous occasions, their immediate dismissal when it meets, unless they risk a dissolution. But if, with such peaceful prospects as Lord Derby describes this country as possessing at present, they had changed their traditional policy so far as to meet parliament with a promise to take five millions from the amount of the yearly expenditure they might have had a considerable lease of office. It is probably by a large measure of reform alone that either party will be forced to make a vast reduction in the expenditure, and the party which effects the great national object will probably be the possessor of a long-continued ascendancy over all others.

In consequence of the Reduction in Duty, Horniman's Teas are now supplied by the Agents Eightpence per lb. Cheaper. Every Genuine Packet is signed "Horniman and Co."—[Advertisement.]
BEYOND ALL COMPETITION!—F. R. WILKIN, Maker and Importer of Musical Instruments. Established 1838. The trade and amateurs supplied with Harmonium Reeds, Muffled Strings, and all kinds of Strings. Lists free. 29, Minories, London.—[Advertisement.]

The Court.

The Queen, his Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Christian, Princess Louise, Princess Beatrice, and Prince Leopold, and the ladies and gentlemen in waiting, attended Divine service on Sunday morning in the private chapel at Windsor. The Hon. and Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated and administered the Sacrament of the Holy Communion.

At the Council held by the Queen at Windsor Castle on Saturday, it was ordered that the prayer for relief from the cattle plague be discontinued.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is expected to leave town early in next month, on a tour of visits in Yorkshire, and, among other friends, will visit Lord and Lady Londesborough at Glimston.

Lord Stanley arrived at the Castle on Monday, and had an audience of her Majesty; after which her Majesty, accompanied by her Royal Highness Princess Louise, entered the White Drawing-room, when the following foreign ministers were presented to her Majesty by Lord Stanley to deliver their credentials:—

Count de Vistahermosa, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the Queen of Spain.

Baron Hoenschild, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the King of Sweden.

Senor Mosquera, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States of Columbia, and Mr. Gelfcken Resident Minister from the Hanse Towns.

Sir Charles Wyke, K.C.B., had the honour of an interview with her Majesty on his return from Hanover.

AGED SUICIDES.—Three persons, the youngest of whom was fifty-seven years of age, destroyed themselves in the West of England during the past week. Two of these sad events occurred in Cornwall, where one James Shakerley, fifty-seven, of St. Just-in-Penwith, hung himself on the farm premises of his brother-in-law, and where a woman named Hill, fifty-nine, of Bodinnick, threw herself into the river Fowey. Both had for some time past been in a desponding condition; so, also, had a widow, in good circumstances, named Bastin, sixty, who hung herself at her farmhouse near Rockear, South Devon.

A LUNATIC AT LARGE.—A man, blind of an eye, and dressed as a sailor, who has no name according to his own statement, but who had upon him a paper bearing the name Ed. Davies, has been brought before the Malton bench on a simple charge; but from the strange freaks he has played during the few days he has been seen in the neighbourhood was suspected to be insane. Prisoner had been found in a field near Norton, East Riding, a few days ago, licking the ground, and he was put in the vagrant ward there, on leaving which he crossed the river into the North Riding, and was next heard of on the ridge of a roof of a house in Spittal-street, Malton, without being able to tell how he had got there. He had also made "calls" at the villa residences outside the town, and seem to have conducted himself strangely. At length, however, he called at Musley-bank, the residence of Mr. John Key, on the York-road, and there stated he had come from Wales and wanted money. Mr. Key secured him and sent for the police. Prisoner was not excited, and took no interest in the proceedings in court. To the bench he answered some questions in a rational manner, but would not admit he had a name or money, although the superintendent had found money on him. Nothing could be got out of him except he came "from Wales." The bench sent for Mr. Colby, surgeon, who, after an examination, reported that the man was of unsound mind, and the bench sent him to the North Riding County Asylum at York.

A BOLD SPECULATOR.—A wealthy capitalist had offered to the Commission of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1867 to pay a sum of £320,000 sterling for the receipts from visitors at the tariff for admissions which has been officially fixed. If that offer had been accepted, a sum of £160,000 on account would have been paid on the day on which the agreement should be signed, and the balance on the eve of the opening. This proposal was very attractive, and a report drawn up on the subject by M. Devinc, a man of great experience in such affairs, concluded in favour of its adoption. It was, nevertheless, rejected in consequence of political considerations presented by M. Rouher, and based principally on the inadvisability of the commission appearing to wish to guard itself against eventualities to which the year 1867 might give rise.

AN IRON SHIP SUNK IN THE MEDWAY.—On Sunday morning, about 10.30, the iron schooner Admiral Quarantine, stated to be 220 tons burden, laden with a cargo of coals, sunk in the river on her arrival opposite her Majesty's gun-wharf at Chatham; the vessel having 120 tons of coal on board for Messrs. Hayman and Sons, merchants at Rochester. The ship in coming up the river took her course between the dockyard and the ships of the royal navy moored in the stream, when the schooner in passing over the moorings of her Majesty's ship Gloucester, struck them. The effect produced was that a portion of her iron was torn off her bottom. Owing to the rapidity of the water flowing into her she sunk in deep water, after passing a short distance up the river from the spot where the accident occurred. Mr. Edward Mott was the captain. The crew were saved, also their clothing, &c. At the time the schooner struck the moorings of the Gloucester, she was in tow of the steam-tug Lass of Gowrie. The schooner was a vessel of twenty years' service.

A GREEK MINISTER AMONG BRIGANDS.—Mr. Soteropoulos, late Minister of Finance at Athens, has written an account of his detention by Greek brigands. He was taken sitting at the door of his country-house, and was detained captive thirty-six days. "During this time I passed the night in the open air, with no other covering than a woollen cloak to protect me from the cold and rain; and I remained frequently all day in irrigated fields of maize, exposed to the fierce rays of the sun, deprived of necessary nourishment, and often of water to allay my thirst. I was not released until the brigands received 60,000 drachmas in gold as my ransom, and after I had expended 10,000 drachmas more, in consequence of the high price of gold, the necessity of sending several messengers on foot and on horseback to different places, and the payment of 5,000 drachmas of which I was plundered by men without conscience, while my relations were running here and there with my ransom, pursued at times by the Government authorities, and at times by bands of criminals, who followed them to murder them and get possession of the ransom money, my relations being unable to come in contact with the men charged to receive any ransom, on account of the measures adopted by the Government authorities." He severely blames the Government for attempting to pursue the brigands, as the latter "consider it as most dishonourable in a professional light to allow a prisoner to be recaptured alive," and consequently the Government ought to take no steps to harass the robbers!

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON IN AMERICA.

Among a number of unusually intelligent Englishmen who have been visiting America this year, is Mr. W. Hepworth Dixon, who is distinguished in literature for his expositions of the lives and characters of Lord Bacon and William Penn, for volumes of travels in the East, for critical essays, and for journalistic experiences as the editor of the London *Athenaeum*. His four months in America have been mainly spent in close studies of such social and religious anomalies in our national life and growth as the Mormons, the Shakers, the Communists, and the Spiritualists present. He lived, for this purpose, for some days with the Shakers at Lebanon, also with the Oneida Communists, and made the long and dangerous journey across the plains and over the Rocky Mountains to Utah, where he passed several weeks in more intimate relations with the Mormon leaders and their families than were ever held by any other person outside their fold. These things will therefore form the staple, certainly the more valuable portion of the book in which he will soon describe his American experiences and observations. As the judgment of a man of genius and wide and deep study, who has paid this class of subjects, here and elsewhere, unusual attention, and inspected their present development in this country more closely than any one among us has done, what he has to say, both of description and of conclusion, will be awaited with interest and deserve serious respect. The Mormon problem is not at all a simple one to solve; and what a man of the quality and the experience of Mr. Dixon has to offer upon it must be of importance both to our social and political doctors. Coming back from Utah, Mr. Dixon joined in a portion of the recent official excursion to the iron and coal regions of Pennsylvania, and then was entertained in a magnificent manner at Philadelphia by a few of its leading citizens of the professions and in literature, as a tribute to the manner in which he had exposed the noble life of the founder of their city and State, and vindicated his name from the aspersions of Macaulay. Since, at New York and Boston, he has seen somewhat more of our most advanced civilization, and shared our most polite hospitality, as, in his explorations in the West, he had previously witnessed our earliest and roughest movement on the barbaric wilderness, shrank from the wild Indian, and made terms with hunger over stewed prairie dog and fried buffalo hump.—*Springfield Republican*.

A SURGEON CHARGED WITH CRUELTY TO HIS WIFE.—Mr. James Ainley Mouncey, surgeon, of No. 166, Regent-street, was brought before Mr. Tyrwhitt, at the Marlborough-street Police-court, on a warrant by Roskilly, one of the warrant officers, charged with assaulting his wife Emily. Mr. Edward Lewis, of Great Marlborough-street, appeared for the prosecution, and in opening the case said the defendant was charged with assaulting his wife. The parties were married in February last, and the prosecutrix carried on a governess agency in Regent-street, the defendant leading a lazy and intemperate life. Ever since the marriage the defendant had treated his wife in a most cruel manner, and the assault now complained of was only one of a long series of assaults committed by the prisoner on the prosecutrix. Hitherto the prosecutrix had been reluctant to come to the court to complain of the defendant, and it was only when her life was endangered, she having been some months in the family way, that she had taken steps against him, the prosecutrix only having saved herself from being thrown down a flight of stairs by seizing hold of the balusters. He should call his witnesses, and then ask that a term of imprisonment might be inflicted on the prisoner under the Aggravated Assaults Act. Mrs. Mouncey said that she had been treated with great violence by the defendant. On Sunday last the defendant threw her with violence on the floor, and dragged her out of the room by her arms, told her to go to the kitchen, and tried to throw her down stairs, but she caught hold of the balusters, and prevented his doing so. The defendant was always drinking. At a later hour at night he abused her, and took hold of her hair, and shook her head violently. On Monday he took away her clothes, to prevent her coming to complain to the magistrate. He had repeatedly assaulted her and blackened her arms, and did nothing for his living. In answer to the defendant, the prosecutrix said she did not pull his whiskers. Mr. Tyrwhitt asked the prosecutrix whether the defendant was of any business? The prosecutrix said he was a surgeon, but never had but one patient. A servant was called, and she stated that she had seen the prosecutrix's arms black through the defendant's violence. Mr. Robert Smith, surgeon, of 57, Leicester-square, said from the appearance of the prosecutrix's arms she must have been subjected to great violence. In answer to Mr. Lewis, a witness stated that the prosecutrix was a good-tempered woman. The defendant asked for an adjournment of the case, and made a long statement; showing that he had no friendly feeling towards his wife's family. He denied, however, assaulting his wife. Mr. Tyrwhitt said it was a melancholy thing to see a man of education in such a position. The defendant would have to find two bail in £100 each to keep the peace towards his wife.

SENSATION NEWS FROM CANADA.—The *Weekly Leader* newspaper, published at Toronto on October 19, contained the following:—"Latest News from Europe. Destruction of Woolwich Arsenal.—Woolwich Arsenal has been levelled to the ground by an explosion of gun cotton. No lives lost." This announcement is no doubt based upon the explosion of a gun-cotton magazine which recently took place, causing no damage beyond the destruction of the store.

Private advices received at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, state that the arrangements for the great American Ocean Yacht-race have been completed. The course is to be from New York to Cowes. Three owners of yachts—Mr. J. Bennett, jun., of the *Henrietta*; Mr. Osgood of the *Fleetwing*; and Mr. Lorillard, of the *Vesta*—have agreed to stake each 50,000 dollars, making up a purse of 90,000 dollars (or, say 18,000*l.*); the first vessel in to take the pool. The stakes are deposited in the hands of a well-known leader of the sporting world, Mr. E. W. Jerome. The tonnage of the three yachts are nearly alike, the *Fleetwing* being of 204 tons, the *Henrietta* 203, and the *Vesta* 201. They will start on the 10th of next month. These yachts are the finest and swiftest ever built in the United States, and the race is expected to be the most splendid sporting event of the year.

FIFTY YEARS IN A CAGE.—There is now living at Buckland a man named Joseph Spaulding, who has been confined in an iron cage for more than fifty years, and for above thirty years has not stood erect. He was the only son of the Rev. Josiah Spaulding, the first minister settled at Buckland. His birth was premature, and when a lad he made attempts to murder his father, mother, and sister, and was placed in this cage. His insanity has been growing more and more hopeless, and is now utterly incurable.—*Springfield (Massachusetts) Republican*.

COLLISION OFF THE MARGATE ROADS.—LOSS OF THREE LIVES.

EARLY on the morning of Sunday last a collision took place off the Margate Roads, near the Foreness Rock, between the brigantine *Souvenir*, of Jersey, bound from Calcutta to London, with a cargo of stone, and the schooner *Fleetwing*, of Calcutta, bound from Shields to Exeter, laden with coal, which resulted in the drowning of the captain of the brigantine and two of the crew. Directly the collision took place the brigantine began to founder, and the crew, seeing her hopeless state, strove to clamber on board the schooner as she passed them. Only five men, however, succeeded in their attempt, and the captain in endeavouring to do so, to save his nephew, a lad of about fifteen or sixteen years of age, fell between the two vessels, and his nephew with him, and both were drowned. The mate, whose name is Miles, succeeded in getting into one of the ship's boats, and the ninth man, it is reported, with him, but the latter was subsequently washed out of the boat by a heavy sea. In the meantime the brigantine foundered, and the schooner was towed into Ramsgate Harbour with the loss of an anchor and chain and her bows damaged. The mate was afterwards picked up off the North Foreland by the fishing-boat *Pilgrim*, of Deal, and landed at Ramsgate.

WRECK OF A DUBLIN STEAMER.—LOSS OF TWENTY-FIVE LIVES.

[From the *Dublin Freeman*.]

A PAINFUL excitement was created on Sunday by the announcement that the splendid screw steamer *Ceres*, belonging to Messrs. Macdonald, and trading between London, Falmouth, and this port, was wrecked on Saturday night—or rather yesterday morning—off Carnore Point. We regret to state that from inquiries made, and information received by the agents of the company, the report is unfortunately too true, and it is to be feared that the number of persons who have been lost, large as it is, does not accurately represent the lamentable consequences of this catastrophe, as we have learned that on leaving Falmouth on Friday night, at twelve o'clock, an unusually large number of passengers went on board. It appears that the *Ceres*, which was 381 tons register, and under the command of Captain Pascoe, an experienced sailor, left London on Wednesday, having on board a number of passengers for this city, and a large general cargo. She reached Falmouth on Friday evening, and thence sailed about twelve o'clock for Dublin; but when she reached Carnore—a point always dreaded by mariners in dirty weather—from some cause or other as yet unexplained, she struck, and soon after became a total wreck. The deck crew, we understand, were saved, but it is estimated that no less than twenty-five persons were lost. How many of this number were passengers has not been ascertained, but it is to be apprehended that, as the deck crew and the captain were saved, the number lost is made up of passengers and men belonging to the engine-room.

The following telegram came to hand late last evening:—"Wexford, Sunday morning.—The screw steamer, *Ceres*, bound from London to Dublin, was wrecked yesterday evening at Carnore Point, Wexford; weather very wild; she struck about six p.m.; twenty-five lives lost; the cargo is expected to be saved; the vessel has broken up."

FEARFUL MORTALITY ON BOARD A WEST INDIAN STEAMSHIP.

THE Royal Mail Company's steamship *Atrato*, Captain Jellicoe, arrived from the West Indies on Monday morning at Southampton, and anchored off the Netley Hospital.

Yellow fever broke out on board the *Atrato* just prior to her departure for England. The case received prompt attention from the surgeon of the ship, but it was deemed advisable to send the patient ashore to the hospital. After sailing from St. Thomas the disease broke out again with great severity, and during the passage thirty-five cases occurred, fourteen of which proved fatal. The last case of attack was on Sunday, the 11th. Dr. Willin, superintendent of quarantine, visited the *Atrato*, and ordered the ship and passengers to remain in quarantine, but allowed the mails, ship's papers, and despatches to be brought ashore after the process of fumigation. The fever has been confined entirely to the ship's people, with the exception of Mr. Morrish, purser, and Dr. White, surgeon of the ship.

THE *Morning Herald* announces that the bishopric of Calcutta has been offered by Lord Cranbourne to Dr. Atlay, of Leeds, and that the offer has been declined.

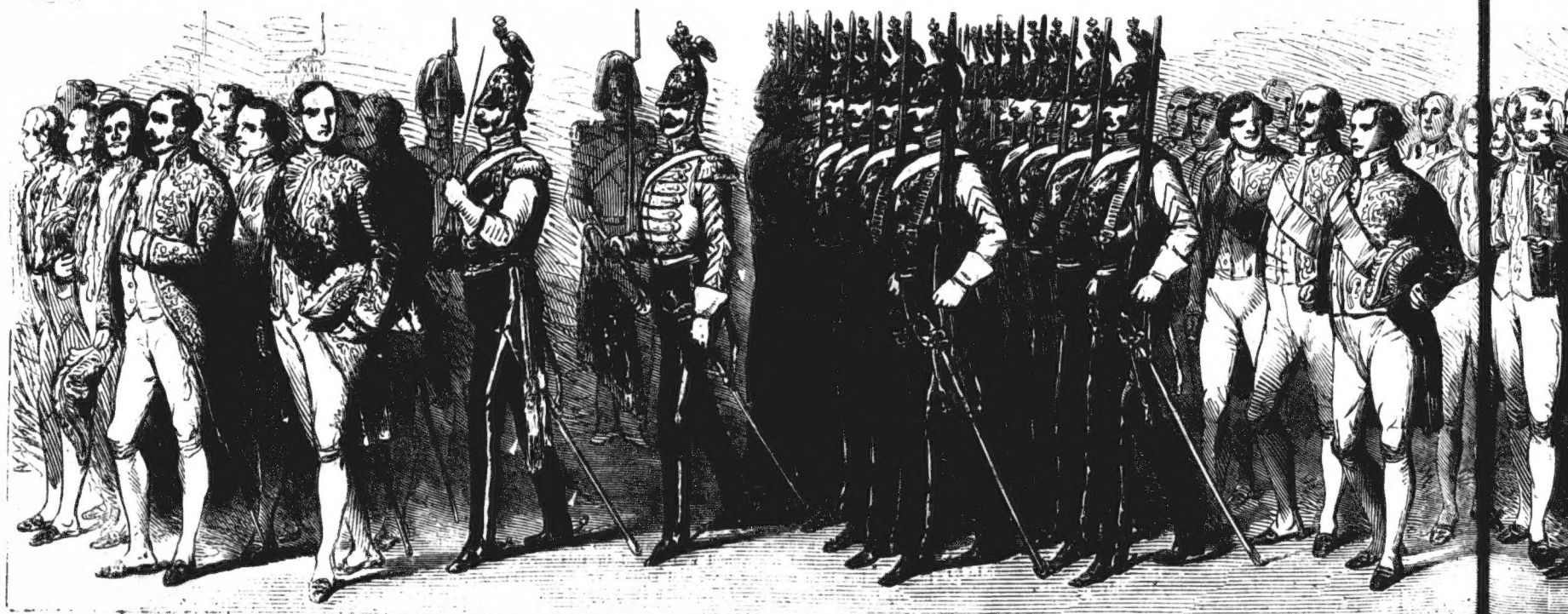
A PAINFUL STORY.—An esteemed correspondent has informed us of a melancholy instance of a whole family of children being swept away in a fortnight by scarlet fever. The children, five in number, formed the family of Mr. Merryweather, a solicitor, of Liverpool, who is related to the Large family of Winterbourne Bassett, near Swindon. The first who died was Arthur Merryweather, aged six years and eight months, on October 17, 1866; Harold, four years and eight months, October 21; Stanley Lowndes, one year and seven months, October 28; Ernest, five years and eight months, October 28; Oscar, seven months, October 30. So painful a story needs no comment; the tombstones of the graves of these little folk will tell a simple but touching narrative which will go to the heart of every parent. The feeling of the unhappy parents—called to mourn the death of two children on one day, and five within a fortnight—can be well imagined.—*North Wales Herald*.

THE seconds in the duel which was lately fought at Paris—namely, Messrs. C. Duvernois and A. de Gerardin—having been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for the part they took in this affair of honour, celebrated the first evening of their incarceration at Saint-Pelagie by a banquet offered to them by their friends in the prison, at which entertainment there was no lack of good humour and cordiality on the part either of the hosts or the guests.

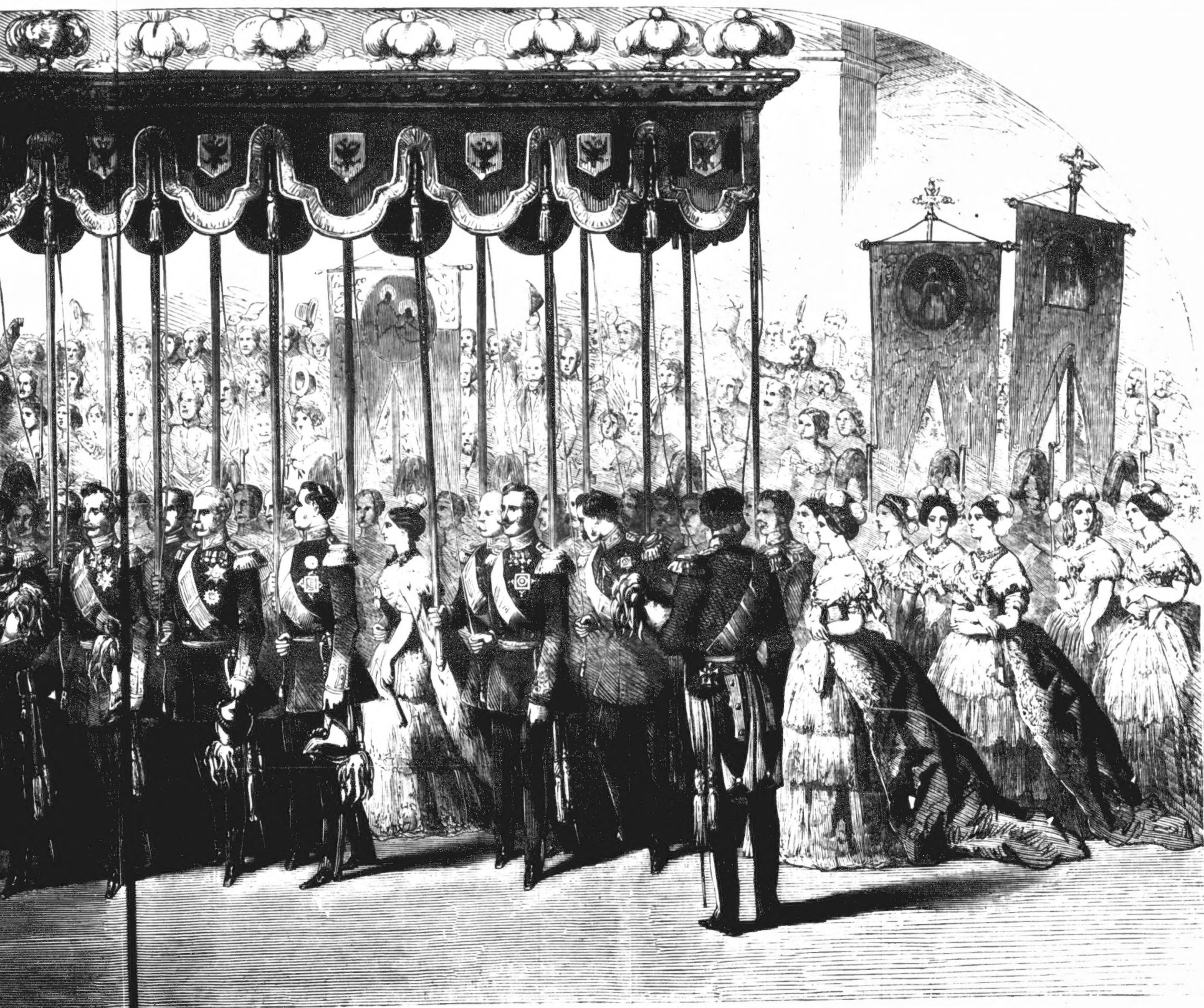
THE fellows of the College of Physicians have requested their president, Sir Thomas Watson, to sit for a portrait to adorn the college walls, and Sir Thomas has consented. Sir Francis Grant, president of the Royal Academy, is engaged on a life-size portrait of Lord Stanley.

A ROYAL VOW.—The Madrid journals state that the Queen of Spain is said to have the intention of making a pilgrimage to Barcelona, to fulfil a vow made by her Majesty during the recent illness of the Princess Eulalie, to go and pray at the tomb of the patron saint of that town should the Infanta recover.

CORK LEGS.—PARIS AND LONDON. *THE NEW ARTIFICIAL LEG.*—A patent action knee and ankle joint, enables the patient to walk, sit, or ride with ease and comfort, wherever amputated. It is much lighter and less expensive than the old style of cork legs, will last a lifetime, and is the only leg yet invented that ladies and children can wear in safety. It was awarded the highest medals in the London and Paris Exhibitions, and was pronounced by the jurists "superior to all others." Grosvenor's Artificial Leg, Eye, and Hand Manufactory, 75 Fleet street. Established 1790. London. Exhibited at the Great Exhibition, 1851. Paris 1855; London, 1862; Dublin, 1865.—[Advertisement.]



THE MARRIAGE PROCESSION OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK



PRINCESS DAGMAR OF DENMARK AND THE CROWN PRINCE OF RUSSIA. (See page 356.)

Theatricals, Music, etc.

HER MAJESTY'S.—On Saturday evening Mozart's "Nozze di Figaro" attracted a crowded house. With one exception the cast of the principal characters was the same on Saturday as it had been last. The exception, however, was a grave one. It would be difficult in any theatre to fill the place left void by Madame Trebelli. Middle Wiziak—who appeared once only last year at Her Majesty's Theatre, the last night of the season—took her part as Cherubino. The performance in almost every respect was irreproachable; nor need we descend upon all the chief excellences thereof. And yet we cannot refrain from dwelling on the beautiful singing of Middle Titens in "Porgie Amor," and "Dove sono;" on the grand aria of the Count, "Vedro, mentr' io sospiro," sung by Mr. Santley, worthy of any singer who ever undertook the part; on the air, "Deh vien, non tardar," so charmingly and pointedly given by Middle Sinico; and on the duet of duets, "Crudel! perche priore," splendidly given by Middle Sinico and Mr. Santley, and rapturously encored. "Faust" was repeated on Monday night, "Der Frieschutz" on Tuesday, and on Wednesday morning "Don Giovanni" was given, with Mr. Tom Hobbler for the first time as Don Ottavio, and Mr. Santley for the first time as Leporello.

DIURY LANE.—The only change here during the past week has been the substitution of Shakspeare's comedy of "Katherine and Petruchio" for "The Comedy of Errors." The part of Petruchio has been admirably sustained by Mr. T. Swinbourne, and Katherine by Miss Isabella Adams. On Monday evening next Miss Helen Faucit will appear as Rosalind in "As You Like It."

STRAND.—A neatly-constructed comedy, by Mr. John Oxenford, entitled "Neighbours," was produced here on Saturday evening, and had an unequivocal success. The plot may be briefly narrated as follows:—In the borough of Pedlington there lived, and may live still, two aldermen, Mr. Ebenezer Block (Mr. Parselle) and Mr. Benjamin Bunn (Mr. H. J. Turner). Both were well-to-do tradesmen, and both of the guild; but Block, who was in the more respectable business of the two—Bunn being a pastry-cook who had worked his way to position from vending brandy-balls, bull's-eyes, and hard-bake through the streets—looked down with scorn upon his corporate brother, and was infuriated when he was elected mayor in place of himself. The jealousy between the two B's makes one of the principal causes of the merriment of the piece, and the eagerness of Block to show off his spite on Bunn leads directly to the main incident. Block has a daughter Marian (Miss Ada Swanborough), of whom he is dotingly fond, and Marian reciprocates his affection. Her love, however, is not restricted to the paternal sentiment. A young painter, Frederick Mastick (Mr. Gaston Murray), whose father, was an old friend of Block's, has been invited by him to his house to recruit his health. The usual consequences follow. Marian and Frederick fall desperately in love with one another. Of course, the father never takes the least notice of what passes daily under his eye, and when his attention is directed to the peculiar position of the two young people by some good-natured acquaintance, and to the likelihood of the consequences, he remonstrates seriously with Marian on the folly of loving a beggar, however talented. Marian, to gain time and to prevent Mastick from being turned from the house, tells her father it is Angelina Bunn (Miss Fanny Hughes), the daughter of the pastrycook, her dearest friend, with whom Frederick is in love, and that Angelina loves him as well as he loves her. The overjoyed father immediately thinks he sees a way to lower the pride of old Bunn in this new-found secret. He resolves to advance the suit of Frederick and Angelina, and sets about it in a way that surpasses all expectation on the part of the real lovers. But Block is an excitable individual, and does nothing by halves. He lays open his intentions to Mastick, who is enchanted, thinking all the while that he is about to give him his daughter. He persuades Angelina she is adored by the painter, until the young girl is almost turned from her allegiance to her dandified cousin, Gustavus Gimp (Mr. Belford); and, to clinch the matter, he sends for the pastrycook and makes the proposal to him in person, and when his proposal is rejected with scorn he determines to aid in the elopement of the young couple. Marian and Frederick are now driven to extremities, and when, to countenance his own share in the elopement, Block expresses himself to the effect that runaway matches are excusable when the parents are inexorable and nothing but poverty offers an obstruction, the lovers are tempted to fly, but they change their minds before they get out of sight of the house, and return penitent and sorrowing to the distracted Block, who, of course, like a dutiful stage father, forgives, blesses, and unites the pair. This little piece was extremely well acted, and went without a hitch or a halt from beginning to end. All the actors were summoned at the fall of the curtain, and then a loud cry was raised for the author, whereupon Mr. Oxenford bowed from a side box, but this not being deemed sufficient he was compelled to appear on the stage, when he was received with uproarious cheers by the whole house.

SADLER'S WELLS.—The last production of Miss Marriott, the drama of "Patience; or, the Purpose of a Life," has been so successful, thanks to the powerful acting of the talented directress herself, that it still maintains the first place on the bills. We have already given a full notice of this stirring drama. The ever popular drama of "The Corsican Brothers" has concluded the performances during the week.

ALEXANDRA.—An amusing piece, called "A Lark in the Temple," by Henry F. Youle, was produced here last week. The scene is laid in chambers in the Temple, jointly occupied by two young barristers, Mr. Charles Butler (Mr. H. C. Hazlewood) and Mr. Frank Dashwood (Mr. J. G. Taylor). Dashwood, on his way to a fancy ball, in grotesque attire, alights at a cigar shop in the Strand from a cab, and, while there, sees a lady pass whom he was very desirous of meeting. He rushes out of the shop, forgetting to discharge the cabman, and his fancy dress leads to the belief that he is an escaped lunatic. A policeman endeavours to stop him, but he is knocked down by the enamoured Dashwood, who gains his chambers again to find that his colleague, Charles Butler, has gone out to the railway station, indeed, to meet his father and sister. Mr. Butler, sen. (Mr. Mordaunt), and his daughter Emma (Miss Heathcote), do not come by the route originally intended, and Charles, as a matter of course, does not meet them. Emma is left at a pastrycook's whilst her father seeks his son's chambers. He does not find any one there, and feeling the need of a brush-up after his journey, divests himself of his coat and hat, and goes into an ante-chamber for the purpose of freshening himself. When he comes out he finds the loose coat which Dashwood wore on his way to the fancy ball, and has now thrown off, and, thinking it is his son's dressing-gown, dons it. At this moment the cabman and

the policeman arrive, the one to demand his fare, the other to take his assailant into custody. Butler, sen., having on the fancy coat, is at once seized as the culprit, and borne off to the police-station, Dashwood helping Jehu and the man of law to secure their victim. Emma Heathcote then arrives, alarmed at the long absence of her father. Dashwood is then in an agony of fear, for he sees that Emma is the lady whose acquaintance he made at the seaside, and is most anxious to renew, while the fact that he has assisted in locking up her father threatens to put an end to all his hopes. Matters become further complicated by the return of Charles Butler, who finds his sister in Dashwood's apartment, whether she had gone by mistake. The elder Butler, having been bailed out, returns to the chambers, explanations follow, the father is reconciled, and bestows the much-coveted hand of Emma—that young lady being nothing loth—on Dashwood; and thus all ends happily. The farce was performed in a spirited style, and at the conclusion the principal performers were honoured with a recall. The burlesque of "Asmodeus" is still successfully running.

RYNE AND HARRISON'S ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY.—On Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday last, a sale took place at the rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, Leicester-square (which originally formed part of the mansion occupied by Sir Joshua Reynolds, P.R.A.), of the entire valuable and theatrical wardrobe belonging to the Royal English Opera Company Covent-garden, during the period when that theatre was under the management of Miss Ryne and Mr. Harrison, consisting of superb dresses, pantomime tricks, a transformation scene, and other useful properties, adapted to furnish forth the various operas which were produced with so much splendour at this far-famed opera house, and which formerly were expressly purchased for that purpose at a cost of several thousand pounds. On the first day of the sale, demons and pages' dresses, particularly adapted to the play of "Beauty and the Beast;" the Champion's dresses, which so brilliantly set forth the grand spectacular pantomime of "St. George and the Dragon;" the Indian dresses, consisting of Indian priests and trappers' costumes, which so elaborately illustrated "The Desert Flower;" and the dresses, &c., in "Satanella," "La Traviata," and "Dinorah," were disposed of. On the second day, King Charles's dress, in "The Puritan's Daughter;" the dresses in "The Rose of Castile;" that of Mephistopheles, in "Faust;" those in "Martha," "Norma," "The Black Domino," "Maritana," and "The Armourer of Nantes" were brought to the hammer. On the third day, the pantomime tricks, transformation scene, &c., were disposed of. It is calculated that the proceeds of the three days' sale will amount to nearly £1,000.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.—On Saturday, Mr. Manns introduced a novelty in F. Schubert's Entr'actes and Romance from the drama of "Rosamunde." Middle Enequist sang the Romance, which was encored. Haydn's Symphony in C Minor—the second movement being the Air and Variations in E flat—was played with great finish and delicacy. Mendelssohn's overture, "A Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," also serves to exhibit, in the most favourable light, the unusual proficiency of Mr. Manns' band. Madame Patey-Whytock, Mr. Patey, and Mr. W. H. Cummings took part in the concert.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY will commence its seventh season at Exeter Hall, on Tuesday, the 20th, with a performance of "Elijah," in which Mr. Santley will appear. Mr. Santley is also engaged by this society for its Christmas performance of "The Messiah," December 26th, and for "The Creation," January 3rd. Mr. G. W. Martin will conduct as usual.

THE "QUIRE" CHOIR.—The second concert of this admirable amateur choir took place on Saturday evening last, at the Store-street Rooms, Bedford-square, in aid of the funds of the Bookbinders' Pension and Asylum Society. The hall was crowded with members of the bookbinding and printing profession. The choir consisted solely of about 100 of the employees of Messrs. Burn and Son, Hatton-garden, and has only been established about twelve months. The present concert was under the directorship of Mr. J. Burn, and consisted of glees, madrigals, part songs, and ballads, well selected for the occasion. The whole of the pieces were so well rendered that it is perhaps unnecessary for us to mention any one in particular; but if special praise is needed, we should award it to the two part songs of "The Primrose" and "The Skaters." Miss Burn very efficiently presided at the piano, and the success attained by the choir was undoubtedly due in a great measure to the skilful leadership displayed by Mr. J. Burn.

Sporting.

BETTING AT TATTERSALL'S.

MONDAY.

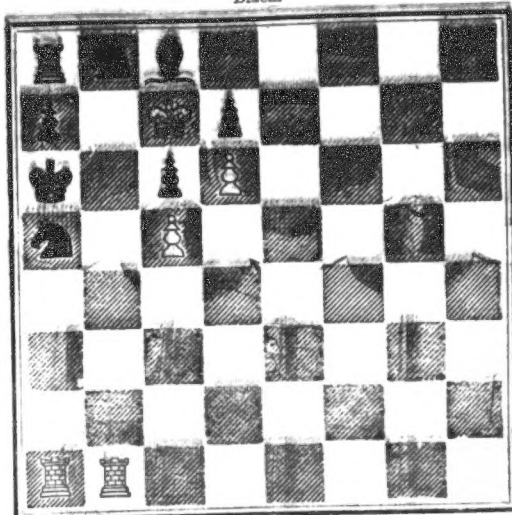
TWO THOUSAND GUINEAS.—4 to 1 on the Field (offered).

THE DERBY.—8 to 1 agst Mr. Pryor's The Rake (off); 500 to 40 agst Major Elwood's Plaudit (t); 1,000 to 60 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Dragon (t); 30 to 1 agst Mr. Eastwood's Master Buttery (off, t 1,000 to 30); 40 to 1 agst Duke of Beaufort's Vauban (t); 50 to 1 agst Count F. de Lagrange's Enchanter (t).

TELEGRAPHY.—The Leeds Mercury publishes the following story as an instance of the many singular applications of telegraphy:—"A gentleman, whom we will call Mr. M., resident in London, is employed there to 'manage the wire' for a Glasgow journal—that is to say, he arranges the news to be sent down each evening by the wire which that newspaper employs by special arrangement with one of the companies. The principal office of that company is at the top of several flights of stairs in one of those immense buildings, erected to furnish office accommodation, which abound in some quarters of the City. After a certain hour in the evening the telegraphic clerk who sends off the 'copy' by wire is the sole occupant of this mansion, with the exception of the porter who attends the door, which after the hour referred to is generally shut. This functionary, who is not often found nodding, got into this abnormal Homeric state a night or two ago, and so profound was his slumber that not all the fantasies which Mr. M. performed on the door—loud enough to have awakened the Seven Sleepers, and even louder than the works of some of our modern composers—could arouse him. It was, of course, out of the question to attract the attention of the clerk at the roof of the establishment. Mr. M. fortunately, however, hit upon the following expedient for letting the porter know that he was waiting for admission. He went to an adjoining telegraph station, and sent a message to the company's office in Glasgow, requesting the clerk there to telegraph to the clerk in the London house, and instruct him to go down stairs to rouse the porter. This was done with perfect success in about twenty minutes. In that time, therefore, persons at a distance of over 400 miles succeeded in awakening one who was only separated from the employer by a door, and who, even at that short distance, was deaf to all persuasion."

Chess.

Problem No. 394.—By DR. C. BAYER.
Black.



White.

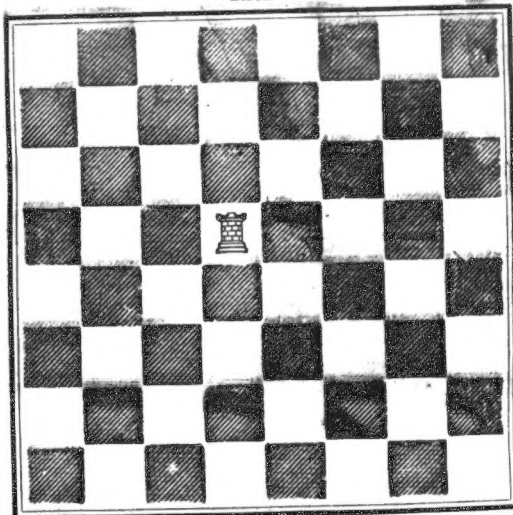
White to move, and mate in eight moves.
(From the "Chess Players' Magazine.")

CHESS LESSONS.—No. 3.

THE MOVES OF THE PIECES AND PAWN.
THE ROOK.

This piece moves as he takes; that is, in right lines parallel with the sides of the board. Place the Rook at White Queen's 5th square, and it will be seen that he can, from that position, command fourteen squares; namely, the Queen's 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 6th, 7th, and 8th squares, and the Queen's Rook's 5th, the Queen's Knight's 5th, Queen's Bishop's 5th, King's 5th, King's Bishop's 5th, King's Knight's 5th, and King's Rook's 5th. The Rook can, like the Queen, move over any number of vacant squares, but cannot, like her Majesty, move diagonally. The following diagram illustrates the move of the Rook:—

* Black.



* White.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 383.

- | | |
|---------------|------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P takes P | 1. K takes R (a) |
| 2. R to Q B 3 | 2. K takes R |
| 3. B mates | |

(a)

- | | |
|---------------------|---------------|
| 1. | 1. K to K B 3 |
| 2. R to K 4 | 2. K to K B 4 |
| 3. R to K B 3, mate | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 384.

- | | |
|-------------------|---------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. R takes P (ch) | 1. Q takes R |
| 2. Kt to K 5 (ch) | 2. Q takes Kt |
| 3. B to K 2, mate | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 385.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. P to K B 7 | 1. K takes R |
| 2. Rt mates | |

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 386.

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| White. | Black. |
| 1. Q to K Kt 8 | 1. P moves (a) (b) |
| 2. Q to K Kt 2 | 2. K plays |
| 3. Kt to K 5, mate | 2. P takes R |

(a)

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| 1. | 1. K to K 7 |
| 2. | 2. K moves |
| 3. Mates accordingly | |

(b)

- | | |
|----------------------|-------------|
| 1. | 1. K to K 5 |
| 2. Kt to K 5 | 2. P moves |
| 3. Q to K Kt 2, mate | |

F. G.—Upon numerous occasions we have stated that every Pawn which has been played to its 8th square, must be promoted to the rank of a piece.

W. W.—1. Your inquiry will be answered by a reference to the solutions which appear above. 2. We do not print chess diagrams for sale.

Law and Police.

POLICE COURTS.
MANSION HOUSE.

ALLEGED ROBBERY.—William Browning, who described himself as a costermonger, but who was recognised as an associate of thieves, was charged with a daring robbery. The complainant was Mr. John Ashton, a farmer, staying at present at the Farmers' Hotel, Salisbury-square, and it appeared that he happened to be caught in the crowd that were following the Lord Mayor's procession, and while he was standing at the corner of Queen-street, he was hustled and robbed of his watch, which was worth £7. His great coat was buttoned at the time, but the thieves contrived to unbutton it and break the watch from the guard. The prisoner was one of the party, and was standing close to the prosecutor, but the watch was not found, and it was no doubt passed away to some of the prisoner's companions. When he was searched £2 4s. in gold and silver were found in the possession of the prisoner, which there was every reason to believe was the result of the afternoon's depredations. The prisoner, when called upon for his defence, declared that all he did was to endeavour to assist the police. (A laugh.) Sir R. Carden said that was a very likely story. He then ordered the prisoner to be remanded, that some inquiries might be made about him. The prisoner begged the alderman to permit the money that was found upon him to be given to his wife. He assured them that he had worked "werry hard" for it. (A laugh.) Sir R. Carden said he believed he had got it very easily, but in all probability he would have to work hard for it before the affair was concluded. The prisoner was then remanded.

LORD MAYOR'S DAY.—Sir Robert Carden was engaged on Saturday for some time in hearing charges of robbery committed in the crowd during the progress of the civic pageant from Guildhall to Westminster and back on Lord Mayor's-day. The robberies were principally committed in Cheapside on the return of the procession, and some of them with great audacity. In one case the thief, surrounded by confederates in the crowd, put his left arm round a man from behind, and with his right hand snatching his scarf pin, made off with it; but the robberies were mostly of watches. In another case, a man who had stolen a watch and was being closely pursued by the police threw himself upon an area grating, and a companion, affecting to be assisting the police, fell upon him, receiving the watch from him as he did so, and running away with it in turn. To avoid capture the confederate dexterously slipped the stolen watch into the outer pocket of the overcoat of a passing gentleman, who, finding it there, to his surprise, next morning went to the Bow-lane Police-station and gave it up. Some of the police were severely handled by ruffians in the crowd; in one case a constable was kicked repeatedly in the stomach in trying to arrest a fugitive thief, and another was bitten through the thick part of the thumb. Most of the men charged were recognised as old offenders; one being identified by George Agar, the chief warder at the City prison at Holloway, as having been convicted and imprisoned there eleven times. Mr. Frederick Trestrail, who happened to be standing at his own door in Walbrook at the time the procession passed the end of that street, was robbed of his pocket-book, containing a banker's cheque for £1 17s., in a rush past the door. He went directly to the Metropolitan and Provincial Bank, upon which the cheque was drawn, and stopped it. Presently afterwards a young man named Wright, calling himself a potboy, presented the cheque there for payment, and, not giving a satisfactory account of its possession, was handed over to a policeman. Alderman Sir Robert Carden, speaking from the bench at the close of the business of the day, took occasion to say that he had heard thirteen charges of robbery committed on Lord Mayor's day, and if, through the medium of the public press, to which he desired to appeal, and of the police, the total number of robberies on that day in the City and the West-end of the town could be ascertained, he thought it would go far to prove the necessity of putting down the Lord Mayor's "Show," or, at least, of greatly curtailing and so simplifying it as to afford no longer an attraction to the ruffians of the metropolis. In a letter in the *Times* of that morning, he said, a very graphic description was given of the scenes of lawless violence and of robbery which took place in some of the principal thoroughfares on Friday. A gentleman from a window in Cheapside saw no less than nine or ten robberies, the perpetrators of most of which escaped with their ill-gotten booty. From his position at the top floor of a house he was prevented calling attention to the thieves, though he tried hard to do so. Thirteen charges of robbery had been heard at the justice-room; there were probably as many more at Guildhall, and there were perhaps ten times more cases in which the thieves escaped. The 9th of November was the day on which all the ruffians in London turned out into the streets. Simple people from the country were often robbed of all they had about them, to say nothing of the bonneting, so called, which went on. He hoped the day would soon come when the Lord Mayor for the time being would go from Guildhall to Westminster to be presented to the Barons of the Exchequer in the same gentlemanly and unostentatious manner, and yet with sufficient state and dignity, as he was escorted thence to be presented to the Lord Chancellor. With that view he should probably take an early opportunity of moving the Court of Aldermen on the subject. In the meantime he hoped the remarks he had thought it his duty to make would be reported in the public press.

WESTMINSTER.

THE COUNTRYWOMAN IN LONDON.—A well-dressed, middle-aged woman was brought before Mr. Selfe, charged with having been found drunk and incapable of taking care of herself at Chelsea. John Young, 334 B, proved finding the defendant at twelve o'clock at night in Catherine-street, Westminster. She was creating some disorder, and he told her to go away, but she was incapable of doing so. Mr. Selfe: What do you say to this? Defendant: I am disgusted with myself. Mr. Selfe: You feel your position? Defendant: I do. I feel that I have disgraced myself very much, but it all arose through my lodging at a very respectable house, where the charges were high. Mr. Selfe: How was that? Defendant: I only came from North Wales the night before last, and my luggage is now at the Paddington Station. I went to a very respectable house to sleep, but they charged so much for the bed that I thought they would charge a great deal for the breakfast, so I came away without any, and that's how I got here. Mr. Selfe: I can hardly understand you. Defendant: Why, I had no breakfast, and I had a glass of what they call bitter ale; then I met some old friends, and took a little gin and water, and became suddenly overpowered. I really don't know what was the matter with me. Mr. Selfe: The policeman appears to have arrived at an unfavourable conclusion. He says that you were intoxicated.

Defendant: Oh, yes. I really am thoroughly ashamed of myself. I suppose it was the mixture of the gin and water and the ale. Mr. Selfe: Very probably. Defendant: You will let me go, as I am a stranger in London. I am very respectable, I assure you. Mr. Selfe: Respectable ladies from the country had better not take bitter ale and gin and water until it takes effect upon them. You must pay 5s. I hope it won't occur again. Defendant: Oh, dear me, I hope not.

ATTEMPTED FRAUD.—Anne Froude, a girl of 17, a servant out of place, was charged with endeavouring to obtain a charitable contribution from the Dowager Duchess of Grafton by false and fraudulent pretences. Thomas Henry Groom, steward to the Duchess, proved that the prisoner came on Friday week to the residence 4, Grosvenor-crescent, Belgrave-square, and asked for pecuniary assistance, stating that it was required for her aunt, who lived at 5, Ebury-square, to procure a mangle with. She stated that Lady Lothian, Miss Coventry, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of St. Michael's, Rev. Mr. Fuller, of St. Peter's, and the London Hospital had subscribed, and was told to call on Monday. Inquiries were made meantime, and the prisoner's fraud having been discovered an officer was ready at the house when she called; she told the same tale, and was taken into custody. The Rev. Mr. Hamilton said he had not subscribed, and he had reason to believe that the prisoner had used his name on several occasions with the purpose of defrauding the benevolent. He had never subscribed for her, and she had no authority for using his name. Sergeant William Brooker, 26 B, proved hearing the prisoner tell the steward what the money was wanted for, and taking her into custody. He found nothing on her, and she said nothing. No such person as she said lived in Ebury-square, or anywhere near there. The prisoner's father, who was a hawker, had been at the court charged with writing begging letters. The prisoner admitted the false pretence, and then burst out crying. She had no mother, and her father was away in the country. She was remanded.

CLERKENWELL.

ROBBERY OF A SOLDIER.—James Thetford, aged 31, who gave his address at the Royal York Coffee-house, Weston-place, opposite the Great Northern Railway, was charged before Mr. Cooke with assaulting Henry Bowman, a corporal of the 70th Foot, and stealing from his pocket a purse and a pocket containing £5 13s. at King's-cross-road. The prosecutor, whose face was severely cut, said: I am on furlough at present, and on Sunday morning, between twelve and one, I was coming down the King's-cross-road, when I met the prisoner and two other men. They asked me where I was going, and I said to seek for a lodging. One of them said, "You had better go with us, and we will show you one, as you are a stranger about here." I walked with them about 100 yards, until I came opposite an entry. I was pushed into it by all three men, and found myself in a yard in which were some carts. They then threw me into a cart, and one of them got hold of my trousers pocket, in which was £5 10s., and cut it off. I struggled hard and was kicked and knocked. I remember one blow on my forehead with something sharp on the end of a stick, and then I lost consciousness. When I recovered my senses I was still in the cart, and the prisoner and another man were by me. I gave them in charge, and they were both conveyed to the police-station. I could not when there recognise one of them, and he was discharged, but I recognised the prisoner, and he was detained. I had had something to drink, but I was sensible and quite capable of taking care of myself when I gave the prisoner in charge. He said he was not one of the men. He was standing there to take care of me. Police-constable March, 261 G, said: About half-past twelve on Sunday morning I was on duty in the King's-cross-road, when I went through Holo-court to the back of the Bell public-house, in Paradise-street. I then saw the prisoners and two men standing round some carts that were there. I asked them what they were doing, and one of them said, "Trying to get up a drunken man." I turned on my light, and then I saw the complainant lying in a cart. I got him up, and he then said, "Lock me up, or else get me a lodging." I said "No, you are able to walk home;" and then he gave the two men into custody for assaulting and robbing him. The prisoner did not attempt to go away, but one of the men did. Seeing that the prosecutor had been very much injured, I took two of them to the police-station, and then he could only identify the prisoner. The prosecutor was drunk. The prisoner was standing beside the cart, close to the prosecutor, and told him that he had been trying to get him a lodging. At the police-station the prosecutor said that he had been robbed at eight o'clock, and turned out of a public-house. He had found that the prisoner had been living at Mr. Eber's coffee-shop, opposite the Great Northern Railway. The prisoner said that he had no questions to ask, or any defence to make. Mr. Cooke remanded the prisoner to the House of Detention for a week.

THAMES.

DANGEROUS AND MISCHIEVOUS ACT.—Henry George Green, aged 12, was brought up on remand, charged with placing a heavy iron chair on the metal rail on the Great Eastern line, near the Bow Station, with the intention of overturning a train. Barrett Simpson, a platelayer, was now called for the first time, and said he saw the prisoner on the line on the 25th of October, and when he saw him advancing towards him he ran away. He saw the iron chair now produced in the "four feet"—that is the space between the two lines of rails—ten yards from the spot where he first saw the prisoner. It appeared to have been knocked off the rail. It was chafed and bright. The prisoner's father said he very much regretted that his son should have been so mischievous. The boy had a good example set before him at home. He was in the employ of bonnet makers in the Bow-road. The Great Eastern Railway passed immediately behind the house, and he could easily, on leaving the back-yard of the house, climb up the embankment and reach the railway. There is no fence behind the houses abutting on the line at Bow. Mr. Paget thought it was a great oversight on the part of the Great Eastern Railway Company not to erect fences at the backs of the houses abutting on the lines. This was a matter affecting the safety of the public. In all railways the lines should be fenced off from the adjacent fields and houses, and in the country, where there were gates on each side of a railway, care was taken to close them against passengers and vehicles when a train was expected. The magistrate addressed the prisoner, and told him he might have killed a great many people by this very wicked and mischievous act. He then said he would allow the boy's father to take him home on his promise to produce him again on Monday next.

SINGULAR AFFRAY AT A ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.—An Irishman named Smith, who said he was an engineer, came before Mr. Paget and related a very long story, the substance of which was to the following effect:—He attended mass at the Roman Catholic church of St. Mary and St. Michael, in the Com-

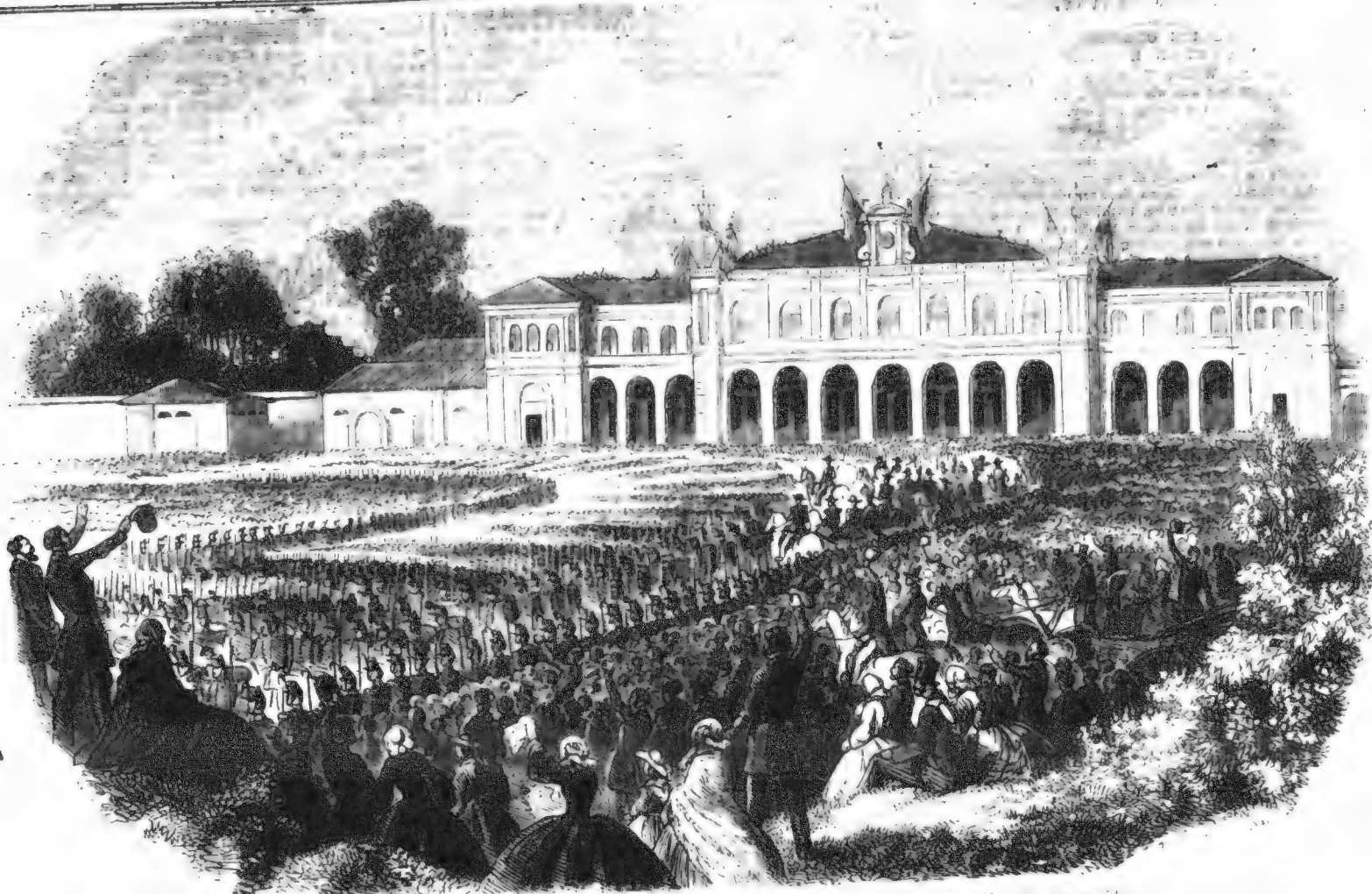
mercial-road East, on Sunday evening, and when the service was concluded a man, whom he knew to be a Methodist and a master rigger, began to distribute tracts within the principal entrance of the building among the congregation. The distributor was an agent of a religious tract society, and he heard sixty or seventy persons using menaces and threats. He took the tract distributor by the collar, dragged him down the steps, and took him into the road to save him from being assaulted. Mr. Paget: You could have done nothing worse than taking a man by the collar and dragging him down the steps. You assaulted him; he did not assault you. The applicant said that very nearly 200 persons began to "bonnet" the tract distributor, and he was taking him away to prevent a row, because it would be said that it was a capital kick to kick up a row in a Roman Catholic church, and that the Papists did it. Mr. Paget: Of whom do you complain, and of what? Smith said he complained of a police-constable 440 K, who was asked to get the man away, and not allow him to be assaulted, but he refused to do so, and actually abetted the man in distributing tracts. He really believed the constable sent the man into the church to distribute tracts. Mr. Paget: What is it you want? The applicant: A summons against the police-constable for not taking the man away. Mr. Paget said all the parties appeared to be in the wrong—the man who distributed tracts reflecting upon the Roman Catholic religion in a Roman Catholic church; the people who menaced him and "bonneted" him, as it was termed; and the applicant, who seized the man by the collar and dragged him down the steps. He asked if there was no beadle or other officer in the church to interfere and quietly remove the person delivering tracts. The applicant: There was no officer or beadle in the church. The congregation are too poor to employ either. Roche, the gaoler of the court, said that the applicant Smith was a man of bad character, and had been in custody for felony. Smith resented this interference warmly, and said he could produce testimonials of twenty-nine years' good character from his employers. He was much obliged to Mr. Roche. Mr. Paget said the applicant had not told a very intelligible story, and asked Roche if he was at the Roman Catholic church on Sunday evening. Roche said: No, I was not, but three members of my family were there, and not one of them said a word to me about this. Smith has not been directed by the priests, doorkeepers, or any other persons to make this application. There are doorkeepers in the church to preserve order. Mr. Paget said it was not a proper or decorous thing for any person to go into any place of worship and there distribute papers or tracts reflecting on the religion solemnized in the church or chapel. It was, however, very culpable to use any violence to a man so engaged, or to drag him out of church by the collar. He would not grant a summons, or even call upon the constable to make any statement in explanation.

SOUTHWARK.

CHARGE OF INTIMIDATION.—Enoch Morgan, foreman to Mr. Maers, builder, Fort-road, Bermondsey, was charged with intimidating the workmen under his charge and assaulting his master. Mr. Henry Maers, the prosecutor, said that he carried on an extensive business as a builder in the Fort-road, Bermondsey, and the defendant had been his foreman four or five years. About four o'clock on Friday afternoon week he saw the defendant walking about much excited, and he remonstrated with him and proceeded to the counting-house. Shortly after that he was passing one of the workshops when he heard defendant say to one of the workmen, "Don't work so hard for the ——. You do too much for such a ——. Do your work more easy." The witness entered the shop and asked him what he meant by making such observations to the workmen. The defendant turned round and threatened him and the men. The witness then told him to come to the counting-house, receive what money was due to him, and leave the place. Instead of that the prisoner seized hold of a piece of wood, and threatened to break his head with it. Believing that he would carry his threat out, the witness endeavoured to get out of his way, when the prisoner snatched the glue-pot off the fire weighing about 14lb., and threw it at him. The witness fortunately avoided it, and rushed out of the premises, when he fetched in a constable and gave him into custody. The glue-pot was broken, and damage was done to some sashes against which it was thrown to the amount of 20s. He did not think the prisoner was under the influence of drink. After he had thrown the glue-pot at the witness he ran after him, making use of very bad and threatening language. George Barrow, an apprentice, and John Bird, one of the workmen, corroborated the evidence of the prosecutor. Police-constable 23 M said that he was passing the prosecutor's premises when he rushed towards him and told him his foreman had threatened to murder him. The witness entered the premises and the prisoner was pointed out to him. He attempted to strike the prosecutor in his presence and threatened him. The witness then took him into custody. The prisoner denied having made use of the words imputed to him, and said he was assaulted first by his master, and he took up the wood for his protection. The glue-pot must have fallen accidentally. Mr. Burcham, after hearing the whole of the evidence, told the prisoner that his conduct on this occasion was outrageous in the extreme, and without the slightest palliation. He ordered him to pay 20s. for the wifil damage, and 20s. fine, or twenty-one days, and a further sum of £3, or twenty-one days for the assault on his master, making altogether £5, or six weeks' imprisonment.

LAMBETH.

BITING PART OF A MAN'S NOSE OFF.—Edward Collard, a hackney-cab driver, was charged before Mr. Elliott with assaulting James Gee, and biting off a part of his nose. The complainant, whose nose was strapped up with adhesive plaster, said that on Saturday night he went into the Rock to have some refreshment after a hard day's work, and the prisoner, who was there, challenged him to fight him for half a sovereign. He, however, refused to have anything to say to him, or to accept his challenge, when he struck at and hit him, and they then struggled together, and both came to the ground, he (witness) being uppermost. The prisoner caught witness's nose in his mouth, and he instantly called out, "He's biting my nose off," and he was sure he would have done so if the people present had not taken witness away from him. As it was, he bit a part of the top and under part off, and witness had at once to be taken to a doctor's to get it strapped up, and lost a great deal of blood from the wound. In cross-examination, the witness denied having used any bad language towards the prisoner or challenged to fight him for 5s. Neither had he charged him with living on the prostitution of a woman. Mr. Levy, a tradesman, carrying on business at 333, Walworth-road, said the last witness was in his employment, and he was present on Saturday night, in the Rock, when he was attacked and assaulted. The magistrate adjourned the case, and refused to take bail for the prisoner.



ARRIVAL OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AT THE RAILWAY STATION, TURIN. (See page 361.)



RECEPTION OF THE PRINCESS DAGMAR AT THE PALACE OF ST. PETERSBURGH. (See page 356.)

CARDINAL CULLEN.

WHILE the metropolis of Ireland is witnessing, day after day, congratulatory addresses to the new cardinal, while his photographs are multiplied by hundreds, while he entertains English M.P.'s and is himself entertained at banquets by the mayor of Dublin and judges of the Irish bench, it is as well for us to notice the elevation of Archbishop Cullen to the Roman purple. The unpretentious manner in which he returned from Rome crowned with his new dignity, the signal services he has been rendering to the Irish executive by his pastoral addresses, the indomitable spirit with which he combats Fenianism, Socialism, and every *ism* opposed to the peace of these countries, the candour with which he acknowledges the good intentions of an English Ministry to develop the blessings of peace in his native land, the zeal with which he is endeavouring to wipe away the enmity of races, and efface the bitter feelings begotten and fostered by centuries of religious and political strife, must commend him to the esteem of every lover of order and harmony, though glorying in principles of the stoutest and staunchest Protestantism.

His birth, position, and early education were in general those of Irish Roman Catholic ecclesiastics. He was by birth a farmer, and by position of the middle class. At the present day one might hear in Dublin that his father was imprisoned as a rebel. At about fourteen years of age Dr. Cullen became a student of the Propaganda. His college course was wound up by a public defence of some two or three hundred theses for the "Laurea Teologica," that is, a doctorate in theology. Morani, in his "Anecdotes of the Pontiffs" eulogises the dialectic powers of Dr. Cullen. Dr. Cullen was, subsequently, professor of the Hebrew language, and of nearly all the subjects included in the curriculum of the Urban College. Successively vice-rector of the Propaganda, rector of the Irish College, and during the civil convulsions at Rome in '48 rector of the Propaganda, he commended himself to Cardinal Fransoni, by his tact, knowledge, utility, and piety. He it was that with the American flag (the Irish House being guarded by the flag of Britain) averted from the Propaganda the cannons of the revolutionists which were mounted on the Piazza d'Espagna. He it was who sought out in Rome and communicated to General Oudinot the plan of Garibaldi's defence. Then came the vacancy



CARDINAL CULLEN.

of the primate's see of all Ireland; and it is stated that Cardinal Fransoni procured Dr. Cullen's appointment from Pius IX at Gaeta. His career in Ireland is well known. The annulling of certain privileges which the Irish Catholic Church had enjoyed before the emancipation of '29, his transfer to Dublin, the gathering of Peter's pence, the enlistment of an Hiberno-Papal brigade, and his elevation to the cardinalate are the leading events of Dr. Cullen's archiepiscopal life. We know that Dr. Cullen, though graced with higher hierarchical dignity, has never been able to win the affections of the Irish race, and that Irishmen, while they feel proud of having one of their bishops a cardinal, look to Dr. McHale, of Tuam, as the father of their race. We may aptly conclude this notice by an allusion to the late Cardinal Wiseman. Dr. Cullen and Dr. Wiseman have been the two first and the only two cardinals sent by Rome to the British isles since the days of the Reformation. In learning, Wiseman strayed over a wider field, but Cullen walked within a narrow range. Wiseman sought to obscure the enlightenment of the nineteenth century by his own brilliancy and magnificence. Wiseman strove to be an ancient and a modern; in fact, a universalist. While studying the languages of the Jew, the Arab, the Syrian, the Roman, the Greek, he wished to converse with the German, the Frank, the Spaniard, the Italian. In the eyes of the Englishman, Wiseman wished to be a philosopher, a linguist, an essayist, an orator, a lecturer, a man of the world; a churchman, a theologian, a scholar with a rationalist's learning, but without a rationalist's principles. Wiseman longed to be thought a bright modern; but Cullen, clinging tenaciously to the Church, and glorying in the traditions of the medieval times, worked out his ends with greater quietness and precision. The former is known so as to be pruned, but it is a well-known fact that the latter has never manifested the true extent of his knowledge. Both arrived at the same honour; but one was loud, showy, and rapid; the other slow, steady, and strategic. Wiseman reminds one of Caesar; Cullen of Fabius Cunctator. To the future Roman Catholic ecclesiastical historian of these countries, Cardinal Wiseman may appear bluffer, burlier, and more striking; but we do not doubt that the effects of Cardinal Cullen's administration will be more real and permanent.

Literature.

AGLAIA FOSTER.

"MARTIN," said Doctor Raby, to his only son, "do you know that Aglaia Foster is about to be married?"

"I had not heard it, sir," answered the handsome young gentleman, as he drew on his gloves.

"But it is true, my son; and the great event is soon to come off."

"Is it such a great event, sir? I have observed, since I was old enough to notice such matters, that events of the kind are quite common. I have known a great many young ladies who have been married."

"At least, Martin, it is an important event to herself and her friends, and I am surprised that you had not heard of it."

"You know father," answered the young man, "that I care little or nothing about village gossip."

"Certainly, my son, and I approve of your ideas in that respect; but this is an exceptional case. I had thought that your heart was interested in Aglaia Foster."

"It might have been, at one time," said Martin Raby, with his hand upon the door-knob, "and perhaps it was to some extent; but I still live, and do not expect to die of a broken heart. Did you hear, sir, whom she is to marry?"

"Alfred Cremorne, who has lately returned from abroad."

"It is a pity, father. From what I know of Aglaia Foster, she can never be happy with him. He is rich; but is selfish, conceited, and a puppy."

"That boy is an enigma, even to me," mused Doctor Raby, as his handsome son bowed to him smilingly and left the house. "He is either one of the best men or one of the worst I have ever seen. He is either utterly heartless or understands the art of concealing his feelings most wonderfully. I know, as certainly as I can know anything from earthly indications, that he loves that girl, or has loved her, with all the strength of his ardent and susceptible nature; but when I tell him that she is to marry another, he is as ice, and as insensible as adamant. I fear that Martin needs watching, and my age and experience must be used for his benefit, or he will do some rash act."

If Martin Raby's father could have seen that young gentleman as he issued from the house, after the conversation above detailed, he would have doubted whether any amount of age or experience could mend the matter—if there was really anything the matter with him.

His entire aspect changed the instant the door closed; his face was flushed, his brows were bent, his eyes had a wicked glare, and his manner was nervous and excited, as he strode along swiftly and almost savagely.

The good doctor was not altogether mistaken in his estimate of his son's feelings. Martin Raby had not only loved, but did then love Aglaia Foster, deeply and devoutly. His nature was really

ardent and susceptible, and to her had belonged the first fruits of his affection.

It was a thing that any girl might be proud to possess, the love of such a man, and Aglaia Foster seemed to appreciate it; at least, he believed that she returned it in a great if not a sufficient measure.

They were betrothed; but in love, as in all things earthly, there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip.

It must be confessed that Martin Raby had not told the entire truth concerning the subject on which his father had addressed him. He had not spoken falsely—as his nature scorned an untruth—but his pride had compelled him to prevaricate. That pride would not permit him to show his suffering to any one, and his affection for his father would not allow him to grieve the old doctor by laying bare the wound before his eyes. If he had had a mother, it might have been different, for there is something instinctive in a mother's sympathy; she sees through the thin veils and flimsy coverings that are impervious to the eyes of the astutest father.

So, when the young man said that he "had not heard" of Aglaia's intended marriage, he meant exactly what he said, although he had been daily expecting to hear it "officially" announced. When he said that he did not intend to "die of a broken heart," he meant that also; although he certainly intended to convey the idea that the marriage would affect him very slightly, if at all. Perhaps his pride may be pardoned for these prevarications.

When Alfred Cremorne returned from the Continent with a fortune, the greater part of which he was supposed to have amassed there, Martin Raby soon perceived how differently the world regarded a rich man and one who was comparatively poor.

For his part, he had only his profession and the succession to his father's practice to depend upon, and it was not probable that he would ever become a rich man in that secluded village. In fact, as he expressed it, his talents, if any he had, were not of the money-getting kind. Therefore, unless the love of Aglaia Foster was of the true stamp, it was not to be supposed that it could endure against temptation.

The love of Aglaia was not of the true stamp, and young Doctor Raby soon sadly perceived how the course of false love could run; for, by gradual but very sensible degrees, he found himself neglected for the superior attractions, in Aglaia's eyes, of the rich and travelled Cremorne, until at last he was almost entirely dropped, and the engagement was virtually broken off. However much the young man may have been hurt by this change, he was careful to conceal the damage. He knew that he was, in every respect but in pocket a better man than Cremorne; and he hoped that Aglaia's eyes, which had been temporarily dazzled by wealth, would again become clear, so that she might be able to judge fairly between them. When this illusion was dispelled, he accepted his fate as well as he might; and, in the forcible language of Victor Hugo, toned himself down to the inevitable. Nevertheless, when he was told suddenly, and from an unexpected source, that Aglaia was really to marry Cremorne, the intelligence

was a heavy blow to him, and it required all his self-possession to conceal his pain.

In this excited and unpleasant mood, Martin Raby strode rapidly down the quiet village-street. His feelings were by no means enviable; and the sunshine, fresh air, birds, trees, and flowers could not content or soothe him. He then felt

—"To be wroth with one we love
Doth worth like madness on the brain."

He had a strange sense of hate, a wild idea of revenge. The human heart, at the best, is capable of an immense deal of meanness, and that of Martin Raby was then so capable, as he pondered passionately on the degrees of bitterness which he might cause the false Aglaia to feel. But his thoughts took a different and a better tone, as he turned into a by-path, and walked more slowly, with his head bent down. They were in this vein: "After all, it is only natural. The butterfly will seek the gaudiest flower, and the bee the richest bloom. Why should I blame a giddy girl for thinking that solid cash is preferable to true love? It does seem that one must be a scoundrel or a dunce to grow rich; and I half believe it is true, as many disappointed men have said, that seldom any but great fools or very mean men grow rich. Now, Al Cremorne is both stupid and mean, yet he has plenty of money. But it seems strange that we do not know how he became rich so suddenly. He has never explained it, and seems averse to being questioned on the subject. How can such a stupid acquire wealth so suddenly? Can a great dunce also be a great knave? Of course he can; it is very easy to be a scoundrel; it is not hard to learn to steal, though it is often difficult to escape with the plunder. A stupid who steals is not apt to hide his tracks well; therefore, if Cremorne is a villain, it is probable that it can be proven. Besides, it is also strange that he seems to know so little of Europe, and to be unable to tell us of the countries in which he is supposed to have travelled. I charged that to his stupidity, but perhaps, after all, he has never been there. It would be strange if it should so turn out, but it is possible."

Martin Raby concluded, as his father had thought concerning himself, that Cremorne needed watching, and in this mood he sought Aglaia Foster. He found that young lady alone, and asked her, quite coolly, if it was true that she was to marry Alfred Cremorne.

"It is true, Mr. Raby," she replied, with equal coolness.

"I would like to congratulate you, but I cannot."

"Why not, sir?"

"Because I do not believe that you can be happy with him."

"Of that you must allow me to be the best judge."

"I do not think that you know him as well as I do. I trust that you will believe that I am speaking in friendship, when I tell you candidly, that I believe him to be a heartless, selfish and unprincipled man, and incapable of a true and innocent love."

"These are very harsh terms, sir, in which to speak to a lady of the man whom she has chosen for her husband; but I cannot doubt your disinterested friendship. I have not forgotten that Mr. Martin Raby once pretended to my hand."

"If I remember rightly, the pretension was not all on one side," said the young man, nettled by the sneer.

"I can overlook your impertinent assumption," said Aglaia, still very coolly, "as jealousy always belittles a man; but I trust you have nothing worse to say against Mr. Cremorne."

"I cannot understand," said Martin, "how a lady of sense and spirit can submit to be linked for life to a dunce."

"A dunce, Mr. Raby! It is very ridiculous in you, who are not yet independent of your father, to denounce a man who has made a fortune in a short time. You had better take lessons from Mr. Cremorne, sir."

Aglaia considered this a home-thrust, and was quite pleased with herself. Raby was partly thrown off his balance, as he had nothing but bare suspicion. It must be confessed that he answered rather spitefully, "All is not gold that glitters, Miss Foster. I am sorry that you are dazzled by a show of wealth. How do we know in what manner this fortune, if it is one, has been obtained? Cremorne never explains it, and there are circumstances which—"

"Enough, sir!" indignantly exclaimed Aglaia, as she rose. "Not content with imputing unworthy motives to me, you accuse my intended husband of criminal actions. Because he has been more successful than yourself, in fortune as well as in love, your jealous soul would stigmatize him as a robber or a forger. I will hear no more of this, sir; and if you wish to remain in my presence, or to see me again, you must cease your slanders against Mr. Cremorne."

"I will leave you, Miss Foster," said the young man as he took his hat, "with the hope that there may be no truth in what I have hinted at. I will see you again, and perhaps this unhappy match, as I must regard it, may yet be broken off."

"Good morning, sir," was the only reply vouchsafed by the stately Aglaia.

Martin Raby did not depart from this interview with a strong feeling of self-esteem. He felt that he had been overborne, if not humiliated, and was half inclined to believe that he had been guilty of a mean action; but this did not lessen his contempt for Cremorne, or remove his suspicions of that individual. Aglaia, on the contrary, was elated and triumphant, thinking that she had achieved a double conquest in gaining Cremorne and his wealth, and in getting rid of such a mean-spirited fellow as her former lover.

Thereafter Martin Raby was less about his haunts than formerly. His patients were neglected, and he was seldom seen at his father's house.

Old Doctor Raby was more strongly convinced that Martin needed watching; but all his care and vigilance availed nothing, as the young man was as cool and nonchalant as ever, and his outgoing and incoming were alike mysterious to his puzzled parent. He received strange letters, some with foreign postmarks upon them, and carried on a voluminous correspondence. He suddenly betook himself, without any apparent reason, to out-of-the-way places. He received visits from people who were strangers to all the village. He had mysterious meetings with seedy men in battered hats, and with official-looking persons who were never known to laugh, and he crowned it all by disappearing from the village a short time before the wedding of Aglaia Foster and Alfred Cremorne took place. As these strange proceedings were carried on quite clandestinely, they did not excite much remark in the village, except between Dr. Raby and the old housekeeper—the latter of whom vowed that the boy had gone crazy.

The wedding was over, and about an hour after Aglaia had become Mrs. Cremorne, Martin Raby returned, dusty and disconsolate. His father met him at the depot, and told him that he was too late for the wedding.

"Yes, sir," said Martin, with a look of agony, "the locomotive broke down."

In the evening, he called upon Mrs. Cremorne and requested a private interview, which was granted. He handed her a sealed package.

"This," said he, "is my wedding-present to you, Aglaia. You can open it by yourself, or in the presence of your husband; but on no account let it be seen by other eyes. Then you can judge whether my friendship has been disinterested."

Aglaia opened the package herself, and discovered that it contained conclusive evidence of heavy forgeries perpetrated by Cremorne, and the original documents by which alone the crimes could be legally proved.

Cremorne, although thus saved from public exposure, was compelled to disgorge his ill-gotten gains, and Aglaia became that most pitiable creature, a separated wife.

Martin Raby, on the death of his father, settled in the city, where he obtained an extensive practice, and is now one of the "heavy weights" of the medical fraternity, with a family of hobbleboys.

Who was most to blame?

SAVED; OR, THE COLONEL'S ORDER.

"I've a soldier for my bean."

VERY sweet and musical was the voice of Mildred Brown, as she stepped out on a balcony of the Continental Hotel one bright morning in the early spring, singing with her bird-like voice the above piece of honest confession, and very pretty her confusion as she almost ran over Colonel Bates, comfortably ensconced by the window, lazily watching the graceful spirals of smoke that wound upward from the fragrant Havana, nestling under his heavy moustache.

At the sound of the voice, the colonel's face had smiled, as much as such a dark, stern face could smile, and his eyes had lighted up, as much as such cold, stony eyes could light up; and now, on the rustling of Mildred's fresh muslins, and the appearance of her beautiful face, he flung his cigar over the balcony, and sprang up to meet her saying, "My kingdom for the soldier's name, Miss Mildred!"

"We young ladies are not responsible for the sentiments of the songs we sing. Our melodies are quotations from the experience of others," answered Mildred, blushing.

"Nay, there was a tenderness of tone in your confession, Mildred Brown, that said too plainly that the poet's doom was thine," said the colonel, earnestly. "And the guilty blushes that have been playing over cheek and brow confirm the tale. Oh, Mildred! best beloved! may I hope the soldier's name is mine?"

He had taken both her hands in his, but the colour forsook Mildred's brow, and she averted her face from his searching glance, and strove to free herself, but the passionate soldier rapidly continued, "I startle you by the abruptness of my avowal; but I have loved you long, and you have ever received me so kindly, and listened to me always with so much interest, that I have fancied you were not indifferent, and before I go away, I would take with me your promise to be my bride."

"It cannot be, Colonel Bates." I regret your error, for you are mistaken. I do not love you."

Her words came piteously slow, dropping like molten lead on the heart of Colonel Bates. His face grew doubly dark and stern, and his voice was harsh and discordant, as he said, "You do not love me? You reject my offer?"

Mildred's voice was full of deprecation, as she replied, "More than I can tell, do I regret that I have unintentionally deceived you. I have been kind to you, for every soldier has a claim on my kindness. I have listened to your tales with especial interest, for it has pleased you to accord high praise to a friend, of whose bravery I am justly proud; and I fancied you might know—"

"I know nothing, save that I desired your love. I know nothing now, save that it is given to another. That other is a soldier!"

"He whom I love is a soldier," answered Mildred, firmly and quietly.

"And in my regiment?" His voice was full of concentrated passion.

"In your regiment," Mildred's voice was low, her manner calm.

"And his name is Captain Logan?" Deeper and hoarser was the colonel's voice.

"His name is Captain Logan," echoed Mildred, with a tender pride and loving cadence. "And now, Colonel Bates," she added, with a new kindness in her manner, "I fully appreciate the great honour you have done me—much as we both regret it; and I pray that you will accept my friendship, for my love was given another before you asked it."

"Certainly, we are friends," And Colonel Bates, used to self-control, took the small white hand, pleadingly extended, as Mildred bowed and passed out of his sight, leaving him with an angry light in his stony eyes, and a vindictive fierceness about the moustached mouth.

It was after the siege of Vicksburg, and Mildred Brown, with a pale face full of suffering, stood at the window, softly singing—

"When this cruel war is over,
Saying that we may meet again."

There was a plaintive undertone to the sweet melody of her voice, for that morning her eyes had run anxiously over the list of killed and wounded, and then stopped suddenly, and dimmed with anxious fear as they rested on the name of "Captain Logan, missing."

Hopes, doubts, and fears were written on the fair young face, but they all gave way to a sudden lighting up, as she eagerly darted forward and met the postman with two letters—both from the army, but neither bearing the familiar writing of the loved hand!

Oh, the fearfulness of that moment when but a word stands between suspense and certainty! How the heart will cling to the old, fearful imaginings, dreading the yet more fearful reality! And Mildred Brown, so young and unused to life's rough ways, it was pitiful to see the hands that had rested on her lover's head so tenderly shake with fear as she undid the seals that stood between hope and despair; it was pitiful to see the eyes, all unused to weeping, gather up the terrible truth, as they glanced over the page, and pitiful to hear the cry of anguish that went up from Mildred, smitten and afflicted; for the door had closed over futile hopes, and her soul groped blindly in the darkness and utter pitilessness of certainty.

The letter was from Colonel Bates, gently and tenderly written, but containing the sad news of Captain Logan's death. A soldier from the regiment had seen him fall, and taken from his pocket the trinkets—he always carried her miniature among them.

The other letter was from a lieutenant, who had promised his captain to write to Mildred, if aught occurred disabling him. He wrote of the exposed situation which his captain held, in obedience to their colonel's command, and of his fall in noblest discharge of most fearful duty.

The same sad, sad tale that has come to so many homes during this cruel war! No last words or looks for future remembrance, no loving ministrations of tender hands to comfort the heart in after days!

Death, cruel death, in all its terribleness, with none of the alleviations that take away its sting! In such an hour, when earthly comforts fail, thrice blessed they who, like Mildred, can turn for consolation to that holy volume which declared, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

Turning the sacred pages, she opened to the story of David and Uriah, and as she read David's command, "Set ye Uriah in the front of the hottest battle, and retire ye from him, that he may be smitten and die," she involuntarily shuddered and thought of Colonel Bates.

The summer passed, with its mingled good and ill, and the earth put on its autumnal glories, robes of flame and gold and russet-brown, and, a few days since, Colonel Bates was pleading again with the fair Mildred, saddened and subdued by the memories of her summer sorrow.

Colonel Bates was skillful in his reading of the human heart, and knew that to his gentle sympathy and persevering devotion Mildred could not be totally indifferent, and now he urged no forgetfulness of the lost love, only her acceptance of his life-long devotion.

And Mildred, lonely and desolate, was thinking of her life, so valueless to herself, and wondering if she had a right to withhold it from one to whom it seemed so precious, when, in the mingled thoughts that crowded on her mind, came instinctively the story of David and Uriah, and she turned away wearily, saying, "She must think; she could not decide until the morrow."

And thinking, there, alone—thinking of all the precious past and dreaded future—there came a step upon the walk that made her heart stand still; for it was a tread she never expected to hear again; a footfall of one whose body lay mouldering in the ground, and whose soul was marching on.

She believed she was dreaming, and started from her chair. Then a voice she thought stilled for ever sounded in the hall. She staggered forward, and there was the pale, handsome face, full of its old strength and tenderness, that she had schooled herself to think of as rigid and motionless, and she fell fainting in the arms of Captain Logan.

Like a resurrection from the dead was his sudden appearance; but he soon told how, in the thickest of the fight, Colonel Bates had assigned him a post, to hold which was almost certain death. He had fallen, and was thought dead, but, before his comrades could return to him, he had revived, and was taken prisoner. For weeks and months he had thus remained, without power to return or apprise his friends of his existence, but at length had made his escape home to the North—home to care and gentle nursing, home to love and Mildred.

Colonel Bates came for his answer early the next morning—so early that the disarranged household had not met for family devotions, and he was invited to remain. Mildred's old grandfather

read for his morning selection the story of David and Uriah, and all who glanced at Colonel Bates saw a troubled man, ill at ease.

Ever and anon, he turned anxiously to Mildred's fair face, full of holy peace and joy, but its deep meaning was unfathomed until Captain Logan entered, and he was answered.

NEW WORKS.

E. BELL'S ILLUSTRATED HAND-BOOK. London: The Model Dockyard, 31, Fleet-street.—This little handy-book of ships, ship-building, and naval architecture is dedicated to the captain of the Canoe Club, J. Macgregor, Esq., of the Rob Roy. It is full of information on matters relating to all classes of vessels, from the smallest to a line-of-battle ship, with the names of their spars, rigging, and sails. These are all shown with excellent engravings. There is also the similar information relative to steam ships and iron-clads, and, added to this, comes the model steam engines. Altogether this handy-book is highly entertaining, useful, and instructive.

DEVOUT MOMENTS. By LORD KINLOCH. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.—These "Devout Moments," "expressed in verse," are a collection of beautiful sacred poems from "Time's Treasure," and embody a most fervid and poetic feeling on religious subjects.

SPAIN IN 1866. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.—A vast deal of information relative to Spain, social, political, and otherwise, is contained in this, No. 16 of "Odds and Ends," a series of little works of which we have repeatedly had occasion to give favourable notices.

THE PRACTICAL GARDENER.

GARDENING OPERATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

FLOWER GARDEN.—Give picotees and carnations plenty of air and light, as close confinement will make them sickly, while a slight frost will not hurt them. Take up roots of lobelia, &c., and store them in a frame or boxes, until they require potting in the spring. Plant and train all hardy climbing plants against walls, arbours, &c. Lose no time in planting tulips, if not already done. Look over ranunculuses to see that they are free from damp; also look over pits and frames on a fine day, pinching off top shoots to keep the plants dwarf and bushy.

KITCHEN GARDENING.—Proceed with the principal work out for last week. Get manure wheeled on to the quarters where it is required, and get all spare ground well trenched. Cut down asparagus close to the surface of the ground; hog and rake off weeds; cover up the beds with a good coating of rotten horse dung; and throw over the whole a covering of earth from the alleys. Clean and dress herb beds for the winter, and throw over a slight coat of rotten dung to protect the roots from winter frosts. Admit air freely to endive and lettuce in frames, and sift dry dust carefully amongst the plants to absorb moisture and prevent mouldiness.

FRUIT GARDEN.—Proceed with pruning and planting, as previously advised. Put in well-rooted suckers of raspberries in well-manured soil, and remove old stems that have borne fruit this year.

THE POWER OF LOVE.—The "Tees Hermit," a strange personage, who has for some time past been living in a wild state on the banks of the river from which he took his name, has suddenly disappeared, and the circumstances of his disappearance contribute another link to his romantic history. He styled himself "John Marley, the heir to the Kirkleatham estates," but his real name is supposed to be John Wills, a native of Sunderland, where he has a wife and daughter in a respectable position. He took up his quarters on the sand banks of "Seaton Snook," at the mouth of the Tees, about eight months ago, his habitation being of an amphibious character, consisting of an old cab fastened in the centre of a large boat. After he had established himself and his eccentric habits became known, curiosity prompted hundreds to visit his hermitage. A few gentlemen belonging to Seaton Caray took a lively interest in the hermit, and by their contributions to his support he was induced to venture from his seclusion and attend the rustic church of Seaton. He was pretty regular in his attendance at church during the summer months, and the peculiarity of his dress made him "the observed of all observers." Some of the congregation persuaded him to cast off his eccentric attire, and substitute more modern garments. Amongst his many visitors was one who wore "widow's weeds." Her visit, however, was more fruitful than she anticipated, for the hermit became enamoured with the looks of the charming widow, and by a strange coincidence the feeling was reciprocal. She had been many years a widow. Her visits were not so numerous as the hermit desired, and the influences of the newly-inspired love caused him to violate the vow he had made to lead the life of a recluse, and he sallied forth from his retreat into the town of West Hartlepool. The frequency of his visits and the mystery of their object caused a little curiosity, but a few weeks ago the mystery was revealed, for he was observed escorting the charming widow along the principal street. His last visit to West Hartlepool was about a week ago, and since then nothing more has been seen or heard of him. His hermitage has been stripped of all that was worth removing; his documents and formidable looking deeds, which he alleged would substantiate his title to the Kirkleatham estates, have all been taken away.

SHORT TIME FOR THE HEAD-CENTRE.—Head-Centre Stephens has told us a hundred times in his speeches during the last six months that he would be in Ireland at the head of an army before the close of the present year, and that the revolution against English power would by that time be in full progress. He found it necessary to reiterate this so often in his speech at St. Louis on Monday last, that it would seem as if he were almost beginning to doubt its truth himself. "I am here," he said, "to procure arms and war material for the people, for we are bound to take the field before the 1st of January. Let no man," he repeated, "have any doubt about this." "I repeat," he reiterated, "I shall be on Irish soil this year, and raise the flag of Ireland in battle." And still a fourth time he repeated the assertion. Now the year is so near its close that Mr. Stephens will be compelled, if he keeps his promise, to take a steamship from this side of the Atlantic to the other, for the arrival of a sailing vessel in Ireland in season to begin the work by the time specified would, at least, be doubtful. The number of steamships that leave American ports in the next sixty days is limited, and the English spies who dog Mr. Stephens's footsteps will certainly not have hard work in picking him out from the passengers—whether he be in male or female attire, whether he wear a wig or his natural hair. We therefore beg his friends, not to say himself, to look out for his safety on the ship, and to remember, moreover, that his enemies have an Atlantic cable which they can use against him.—New York Times.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
A MYSTERY.
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR
WILL BE OPENED
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR
THE GENTLEMAN IN EVENING DRESS.
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE OLD GENTLEMAN IN A
SWALLOW-TAIL COAT.
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE YOUNG PERSON IN BOOK DUSLIN.
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE STOUT MAN WITH THE
SKYE-TERRIER.
DEC. 5.

ONE PENNY.
THE BLUE DOOR.
THE ELDERLY FARTY WITH A
COTTON UMBRELLA.
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9.—A Strong Breeze
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17.—Mother's Hope
18.—Young Love and Roses
19.—The Orphans
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24.—Under the Corn Sheaves
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26.—The Farm-yard
27.—Gathering Wild Berries
28.—Sunset
29.—The Harvest Field
30.—Nymphs of Bacchus
31.—The Children in the Wood
32.—Thrashing Chestnut Trees
33.—Wet and Gloomy
34.—Orchard and Viola
35.—Nightingale
36.—Christmas Cheer
37.—The Last Kiss
38.—The Sick Boy

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